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**GIVEN AWAY!**

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# PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST  
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

## WEEKLY

No. 986.

TRANSMISSION AT  
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 10, 1909.

ENTERED AT  
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

### BARGAINING FOR HIS LIFE.

A SHORT time ago a travelling menagerie was stationed in one of the provinces, where a good number of boys were loafing.

One of them, a thin and ragged urchin, thought he would like a peep at the show, got down on his hands and knees, pushed his head under the canvas, and was evidently enjoying himself, when the manager came along, pulling him out and saying:

"Do you know what we do with boys like you? We make meat of them for the lions. Here, Peter, throw him into the lion's cage!"

The boy, looking up at him, said, "Look here, gov'ner. I tell yer what—let me see the show for nothing, and I'll have all the fattest boys in the place a-crawling under the canvas to-morrow night!"

### NOT USED TO IT.

SELF-CONSCIOUSLY the sitter sat upon the seat.

"Just a leetle bit more this way," said the photographer coaxingly. "So!"—and gave the unlucky sitter a nasty jab on the cheek with his elbow.

"Ah!" he cried, as the sitter presumed to blink in an unguarded moment. "Now you've lost the pose. Throw back your head slightly—so! That's better! If you could manage to look a trifle more agreeable—think your young lady's present. Ha, ha! So! That's it! Beautiful—bee-ootiful!"

"Well, have I now got the pleasant expression you desire?" murmured the sitter, careful not to relax a muscle.

"Thank you!" said the artist-photographer. "That will do nicely!"

"Then hurry up!" growled the sitter. "It hurts my face!"

### CRISS-CROSS.

Why so troubled a face, dear,  
And why such a deep, deep sigh?  
Has all the world gone criss-cross,  
Is everything wrong and wry?  
That's the terrible grievance—  
A serious matter, quite;  
But I fear that frowns and sighings  
Won't make the world go right.

'Tis hard to be disappointed  
Without a little regret;  
But half our troubles in life, dear,  
Would pass if they were not met.  
And Life is oftentimes criss-cross,  
And many a thing goes wry;  
But skies are not always clouded,  
The longest day goes by!

For the world goes on as it used to,  
And wrong is followed by right;  
So as ours is as we make it,  
'Twere wisest to make it bright.  
Then not so troubled a face, dear,  
A smile instead of a sigh,  
If Life to-day is criss-cross,  
'Twill be better by and by!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

MABEL: "But you don't seem to grasp my meaning. I'll try to make myself a little more plain."  
MARION: "Don't do anything rash, dear. One is foolish to interfere with the work of Nature."

### IN SPRING-CLEANING TIME.

"Yes, we are going to remove to escape spring-cleaning," said one man to another at the office one morning.

"And so are we. If I must confess it myself, I am afraid it will take the new tenants two weeks to get rid of the rubbish we are leaving behind."

"It is just the same with us. Our house will need a mop and soap from cellar to roof. By the way, where are you going?"

"15 Grub Street."

"What? Why, that is where we are leaving!"

"Well, I declare! Where are you going?"

"11 Dubb Street."

"Why, that's where we are leaving."

"Phew!"

### ON THE WRONG TARGET.

It happened while the "A" and "B" Companies of an East London Territorial regiment were class-firing.

One of the marksmen of the latter managed with his first three shots to find the bull, but unfortunately on "A's" target, which was far away to the right. For this he was duly censured, and he took great care over his remaining four shots, with which he scored bulls on his proper target.

"You spoilt a good score then by carelessness in firing your first three shots at 'A's' target," complained the sergeant.

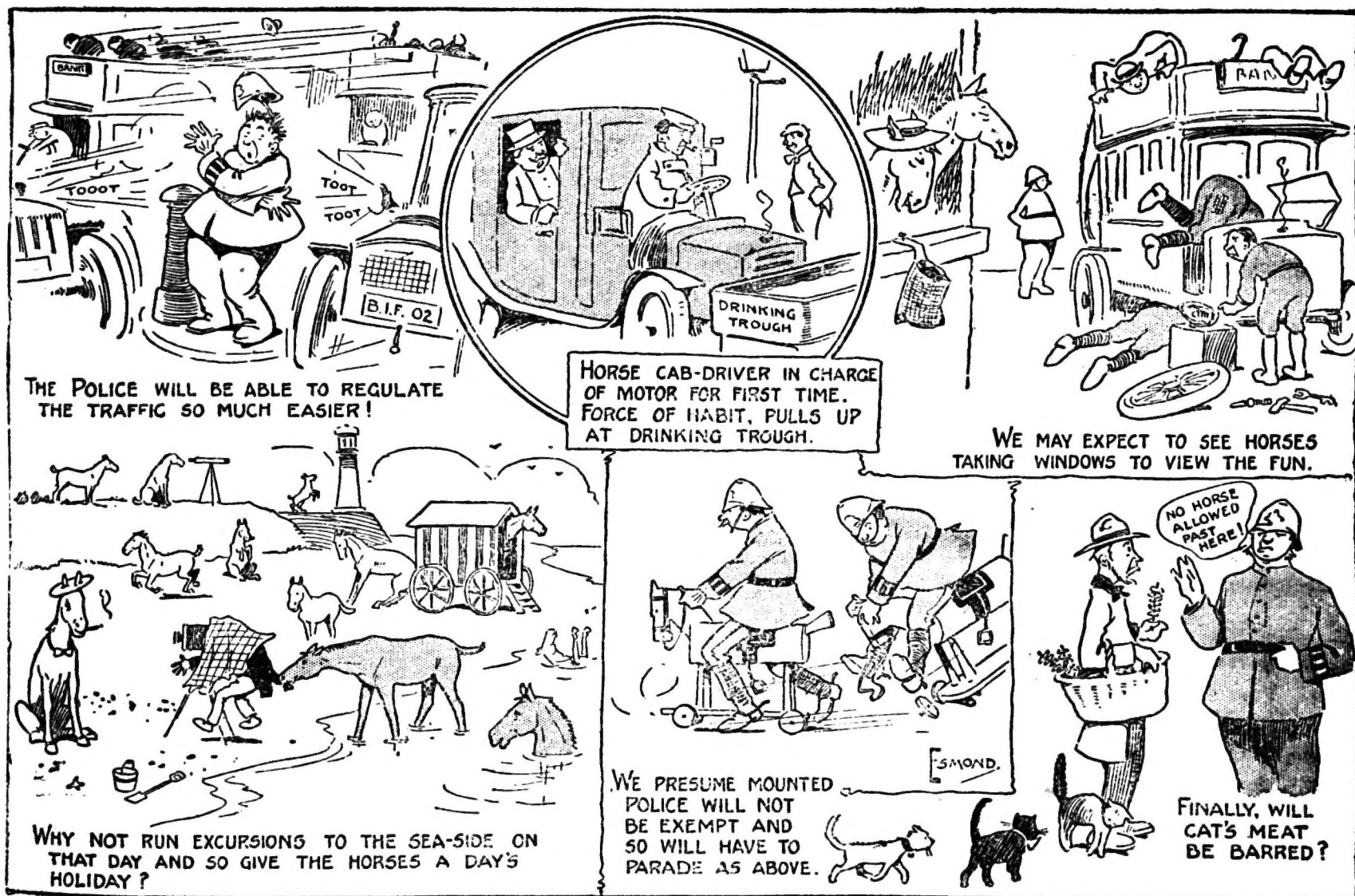
"I fired at the proper target right enough," replied the marksman.

"It's a funny thing you should score four good bulls afterwards, then," remarked the officer.

"Oh, I aimed at the wrong 'un then," was the triumphant rejoinder.

### HORSELESS LONDON.

It was recently suggested that, for one day, no horse should be allowed in the streets of London, only vehicular traffic being used. Our artist offers a few suggestions as to what may happen if this suggestion is carried out.



The F.A.F. collecting forms in this issue are only lent to you. Please return them as soon as you can after you have got all your friends to subscribe.

## The World's Best Stories. Told Week by Week.

### She Never Asked Him Again.

A LITTLE quarterly magazine, *Book Auction Records*, is one of the most reliable and painstaking efforts in journalism that we have, but Mr. Frank Karslake tells a story about Swinburne in the last issue which I can hardly believe to be altogether accurate. The story is this:—

A certain distinguished lady had asked the poet to her house one evening to read his poems to her. He did so, and having made himself quite comfortable on a couch, he read and read and read.

Presently his hostess became fidgety, but still he read on till dawn. The lady was kept up all night.

"She never again asked me to read my poems, to her," said Swinburne in conclusion.

I cannot think that Mr. Karslake had any personal knowledge of this incident. He must have heard it told without endeavouring to verify the truth of it.

Because it is a story quite absurd to anyone who knew Swinburne intimately. Swinburne was first of all a recluse, and he would not do so cheap a thing. And secondly, he was one of nature's truest gentlemen—he would play no such trick upon a woman.

It is as well, perhaps, to stop these stupid stories before they go further.

### A Tall Story.

ONE of the people who run the *LONDON DAILY EXPRESS* and the *STANDARD* is an able and athletic young man who stands somewhere between six and seven foot.

Quite recently a visitor from the north was given an appointment at Shoe Lane and called to see the newspaper man.

The visitor was asked to sit down, the conversation lasted some time, and became very friendly and familiar.

Then the visitor rose to go and his host rose also—and seemed to rise and rise and rise. The north countryman letting his glance travel upwards, as though inspecting a new species of sky-scraper, and with an expression of awed admiration, ejaculated, "Great Scott, Mr. J—, your parents must have trained you on a trellis."

### Grossmith Jokes.

A SHORT time ago Mr. George Grossmith, of Savoy opera fame, announced his intention of retiring from public life. He will be sixty-two this year.

So it will be a useful thing for other editors who are in the habit of cribbing from this page without acknowledgment, if I tell now a few stories about him which they can keep handy and retell when his birthday comes.

One of his best after-dinner stories is about "Bay" Middleton, the jockey, who during a steeplechase suddenly stopped riding when within a few strides of the winning-post, which he nevertheless managed to pass first.

Afterwards Sir Claude de Crespigny said to him: "You drew that a bit fine?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Bay; "why, it must have been a good three-quarter length."

"Where did you finish?" asked Sir Claude.

"Why, there, of course," he said, pointing to where he had stopped riding.

"But," said Sir Claude, "that isn't the winning-post; it's a telegraph post."

"Sorry!" said Bay, without turning a hair; "so it is."

### A Bad Hole to Get Into.

ANOTHER Grossmith story is this:—

A GENTLEMAN was going round a strange golf course with a local caddie, and after playing part of the way he pointed to a rather high wall, and inquired: "Is there a hole over there?"

"Yes, sir," replied the caddie solemnly; "there's the cemetery over there. Don't put yourself into a hole there if you can help it."

### A Railway Story.

AND still another:—

A LADY and gentleman who had got into the train at Doncaster for London, found that they had omitted to purchase their tickets, and at the last moment a personal friend who was standing on the platform said he would go for them. He returned with the tickets just as the train was in motion. When the train arrived at the terminus the lady pulled the tickets out of her glove, and handed them to the inspector.

"Are you aware of the fact," asked the inspector, "that these are dog tickets?"

"Dog tickets?" replied the two passengers.

"Yes," said the collector; "look for yourselves."

The couple glanced at the tickets with surprise, and asked what was the best thing to be done in the circumstances. The inspector replied:—

"Well you'll have to pay the difference between a dog ticket and a passenger ticket."

### One Use for an Author.

JUST one more Grossmith story, and this he says was told him by an American friend:—

When Josephine Dodge Daskam, a well-known author, and now Mrs. Bacon, met a college class-mate a short

time ago, the class-mate congratulated her on the fame she had acquired, and said: "I had startling proof of how well your name is known after we'd been out of college only five years. I was then on a trip abroad and was doing a little sketching in the picturesque parts of England."

"Several other artists were grouped near me one morning, all attempting to sketch a delightful bit of landscape, when a gust of wind blew my sketching sunshade over."

"A gallant young artist tried to pick it up for me. The wind bowled it over a little farther. Then he knocked over my stool in his gallant efforts, nearly upset my easel, and had a very clumsy time of it, and all the while he kept muttering under his breath: 'Josephine Dodge Daskam, Josephine Dodge Daskam.'"

"Do you know her?" I asked finally.

"Who?" he asked, surprised.

"Why, Josephine Dodge Daskam. She was a college class-mate of mine."

"The young man turned a fine red, and said sheepishly: 'No, I don't know her from Adam, but I've read a lot of her stories, and I always say her name when I want to swear, and can't. Her name is the nearest like cussing without being cussing, of anything I know of.'"

### He Knew What He was Doing.

THAT very shrewd Scotsman, Andrew Carnegie, has spent a good deal of his time studying human nature and telling stories of his experiences in search of it.

Here is a case in point. He once discovered a collie dog owned by a farmer near Skibo Castle which he expressed a desire to purchase.

"Wad ye be taking him to America?" inquired the old Scot.

"May be," said Carnegie.

"Then ye canna have him."

"Well, if I kept him here would you sell him?"

"I would."

"Why can't I take him to America?"

"Well, Mr. Carnegie, it is like this. If ye kept the dog here and he felt like wanting to come home again he'd come, but if you took him to America it would be hard to ask the poor beastie to swim the Atlantic. He couldna do it."

### Charles Hawtrey's Twang.

"ONCE on a time," it is Charles Hawtrey who tells this tale, "I tried to sink my identity in myself. I was not allowed to. This is how it happened:—

"De Wolf Hopper was putting on in London a burlesque of a play in which Mrs. Langtry and myself had been acting. Someone was to burlesque me, of course. He had merely a few lines to say. It so happened that on the night it was produced I was not acting; so I strolled round to Hopper's theatre and suggested to him that I should take the part myself. The idea of parodying oneself seemed to me rather original."

"He consented, and on I went just in dress clothes, as the character called for. It was a great success, all except the identification. I lost that; but not enough. The *LONDON TIMES* came out the next morning with the following:—

"The resemblance to Mr. Hawtrey was certainly remarkable, and would have been more so had it not been for the pronounced American accent."

"That was the first and last time I have ever been accused of a twang."

### How Ibrahim Pasha Detected a Thief.

SOME of the stories in the "Folk Lore of the Holy Land," by J. E. Hanauer, edited by Marmaduke Pickthall, and published by Duckworth, seem to be at least founded on fact; and, indeed, when we come down to quite recent times we find undoubtedly genuine stories that might have been told of the days of the Caliphs.

Here is one of Ibrahim Pasha.

A goldsmith of Jaffa complained that his house had been robbed, and remarked that the Egyptian occupation had not brought security.

The Pasha promised redress.

The next day he came to the man's shop, and in the presence of a great crowd ordered the executioner to give the door a hundred lashes.

Then he stooped as if to listen. "The door talks nonsense!" he cried; "another hundred!"

He stooped again.

"The same tale; the door persists that the thief is somewhere in this crowd of honest people, and that he has some of the dust and cobwebs from the shop on his tarbrush."

He had his eye on the crowd, and saw a man hastily raise his hand to brush his fez.

The man was arrested, and confessed his guilt.

### Don't Fail to Read . . .

### "What Other People Think of Us,"

Illustrated with Cartoons from  
:: all over the World, in ::

## THE COMET,

One Penny.

Every Thursday.

### A Fish Story.

MR. CLIFFORD CORDLEY has recently been telling a number of fish stories. Here is one of the best.

A sweet young lady was in the habit of feeding the trout with crumbs. After the distribution of many meals she slipped into the stream, and, alas! she could not swim.

She struggled and cried for help. But the fish were so intelligent, so grateful, and so numerous (as also so plump and massive with many crumbs), that they closed immediately together, forming a phalanx and solid foundation under the girl. They then bore her to the bank, conducted her to her parents, gave three hearty cheers, and returned to their native element.

N.B.—The bank was not very steep; as for the story—

### A Bid for the Truth.

A DISTINGUISHED traveller and war correspondent on a lecture tour in Scotland spoke one night at a little village four miles from a railway station.

The chairman of the occasion, after introducing the lecturer as "the mon wha's come here tae broaden oor intellects," said that he felt that a wee bit prayer would not be out of place.

"And, O Lord," he went on, "pit it intae the heart o' this mon tae speak the truth, the hale truth, and naething but the truth, and gie us grace tae understand him."

Then, with a glance at the lecturer, the chairman whispered, "You don't mind, do you, but I've been a traveller meself!"

### "Uncle Joe" and Early Christians.

IN the magazines and literary reviews of this country and America a discussion every now and again arises as to the relative intellect of the book-readers on each side of the Atlantic.

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST, which sometimes pokes a good deal of fun at our ignorance, tells a new story against its own people. I will try to explain it in brackets:—

Two women went into a book-shop, in Washington, and one of them said to the clerk: "I want Cardinal Gibbons' 'Book on Rome.'" (Cardinal Gibbons is the Catholic Primate of America.)

"Beg pardon," the clerk replied, "it wasn't Cardinal Gibbons who wrote the great book on Rome, but Edward Gibbon." (This Gibbon was the classical author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.")

"I knew it," sniffed the other woman "it isn't that prosy old thing we want at all. It is Speaker Cannon's book on early Christianity." (Mr. Cannon is the Speaker of the American House of Representatives—the United States Parliament—and is familiarly known as "Uncle Joe." The idea of "Uncle Joe" writing anything of this kind is too big a joke to explain, but my American readers will understand it.)

"Speaker Cannon's?" gasped the clerk.

"Yes; have you got it?"

The clerk went to the rear of the shop and held his head for a few minutes. Then he returned and said: "Possibly, it is Canon Farrar's 'Early Days of Christianity' that you are looking for?"

"That's it!" exclaimed the fair inquirer. "I knew it had something about cannons in it."

I fear this reads like being a poor story, but—well, it isn't.

### "My Cook—by Royal Appointment."

HERE is a quaint story from Persia, which appears in the "Side Tracks and Bridle-Paths" of Mr. Lionel James. While in Teheran, Mr. James missed from his saddle the brass-plate inscribed with the maker's name, Sowter, of the well-known firm of saddlers in the Haymarket, and was wroth at his loss, since the name went for much in the judgment of the East.

"One day I was sitting in my favourite tea-shop with my friend Hassan Ali, discussing, as usual, England's perfidy in abandoning North Persia to Russian machinations, when a most dignified Persian entered the auberge. He was preceded by a well-groomed boy carrying his dust-coat. The Persian bowed to me with great civility, and passed into an inner apartment. As both man and boy bore burnished gilt crests upon their tall astrachan hats, I took them to be public functionaries of no small importance.

"Who was that, Hassan Ali?" I asked. 'I do not remember having seen him before, yet evidently he recognised me.'

"That," said my friend, with his small beady eyes twinkling, 'is your cook—yes!'

"My cook!" I answered, in astonishment. 'I took him to be at least a Governor's chief of staff.'

"Well, he is your chief of staff, which to him seems a higher degree, yes!"

And Hassan Ali smiled his inimitable smile.

"But what, in the name of a good conscience, is the impertinence that he wears upon his hat?"

"That must be your crest. It is a badge of yours!"

"On my honour, Hassan Ali, you must not make fun of me. I have given the man no crest, and I have never set eyes on him before!"

"I have seen the badge!" Hassan Ali continued. 'It is undoubtedly your own. It has the motto—Sowter—which is doubtless the old heraldic contraction for the word "souteneur"—and also it has the sub-title, "By Royal Appointment," yes!'

This is by no means the first time that details of the routine of prison life for women have been published. In this case, however, Miss Margaret Butterworth's description is absolutely unique, because for the first time an educated and refined lady has consented, from the seclusion and privacy of her Continental home, to relate, without reserve, her innermost

feelings and experiences when suddenly thrust amongst surroundings so entirely unfamiliar to her. The little indignities and restrictions of prison life, which to a less sensitive and refined nature would pass unnoticed and unrecorded, are here revealed as has never been done before. For obvious reasons the names of persons mentioned are not their real names.

# Two Months in the Second Division

The Experiences of a Lady in Holloway Prison.

By MARGARET A. BUTTERWORTH.



Last week Miss Butterworth told how she was arrested, in her little cottage at Caterham, for disposing of three old books belonging to a circulating library to which Miss Butterworth had a large

subscription. Two detectives conveyed her from Caterham to the Lambeth Police Courts, where she was remanded to Holloway for a week. She spent two nights at Holloway, and was then bailed out by her brother.

## PART II. (continued). The Police Courts.

THE Monday following my release I again appeared at the Lambeth Police Court, with my solicitor this time. The first person who spoke to me was my old friend Detective-Sergeant D—. He had thrown off some of his Lord Chesterfield demeanour by now, and spoke to me in a curt, peremptory way. Whether because I had slept within prison walls, whether because we were no longer in my house, but on his own particular ground, in a way of speaking, I cannot say. He ordered me to sign a paper which was lying on a desk in front of him, and which set forth that I acknowledged having stolen three books, the property of Messrs. Brown, of Oxford Street.

"But I did not steal them," I pleaded. "I thought they were legally mine."

"Well, well, we shall see about that!" he said shortly, as he placed the penholder in my hand and pointed to the place which awaited my signature.

I do not intend going into the details concerning the case. It would not interest the reader. I stood in the dock quite silent for some seven minutes, while my solicitor pleaded his best, assuring the magistrate that I had sinned from ignorance, and begging that I might be bound over.

### The Magistrate's Ruling.

The magistrate, however, refused, saying that if he overlooked my offence, people would rightly say that there existed one law for the rich and another for the poor. So he sentenced me to two months in the second division, and I was dragged out of the dock by the policeman who had been standing at my side. He handed me over to the wardress, who awaited me at the foot of the stairs.

As I passed through the hall, Detective-Sergeant D— still stood with his back to the desk at which I had written my name. It seemed to me he smiled as he looked at me. Was he pleased that I had been sentenced?

My wardress had evidently no reason for rejoicing. "I'm so sorry you have been sentenced," she whispered, as I followed her upstairs. "And so surprised. Everybody said you would get off."

It consoled me to hear this. So others did not think me so desperate a criminal as the magistrate had done. I entered my cell, seated myself on the small hard bench, and with a feeling of dumb despair resigned myself to fate.

The wardress remained at the door and asked if there was anything she could do for me.

"Might I write letters?" I inquired, and was told that I might write as many as I could manage before the prison-van arrived, provided I paid for the postage, and delivered the letters open, as they would have to be read by the gaoler. So she fetched pen, ink, and paper, and I seated myself on the floor, making the bench my table.

### Bought Some Cherries and Grapes.

A little later she returned, wishing to know whether I could eat anything. I remembered how terribly I suffered from hunger on that first night at Holloway, and rightly conjecturing that physical pain would but increase mental trouble, I handed over eighteenpence, asking her to get me anything she liked. She returned with a cup of bovril and a big piece of bread, but instead of pocketing the change, as I begged her to do, she insisted on getting me some cherries and grapes.

The gaoler came up, looked at me through the small pane, nodded, smiled, and told me to hurry with those letters.

The prison van arrived at three. They put me into the same cell next to the entrance as on the first occasion. The same friendly policeman seated himself outside my door and talked to me.

"Didn't think to see you here again, and such a long sentence as you've got," he added sympathetically. "We all thought you would get off."

"So did most people. The magistrate, however,

thought differently," I answered with a sigh. "So for sixty days I must wear the broad arrow."

"Come! Not quite so long as that, let us hope. You can work off one-sixth of your sentence by good behaviour."

I brightened perceptibly. "Are you sure?" I queried eagerly. "That would make it only fifty days."

"That's it. You get out in seven weeks or so if you don't break any rules."

"Fifty days—fifty days!" As the van jogged through the streets it seemed to repeat "Fifty days!" in rhythmic cadence, and to myself I murmured, "Fifty days, fifty days! Time and hour run through the roughest day!"

"What will become of my things at the police-court?" I queried, after a brief silence. The detectives had taken from my house my photo and some private papers, which they hoped would further incriminate me, but which afterwards proved of no import.

"Prisoner's property is sent on to Scotland Yard and returned to him on the day of his release. In your case, you get everything back except the three books, which will be returned to Messrs. Brown in Oxford Street."

I looked at the man wonderingly. He seemed to know more about my case than I did myself. "You were in court just now. Well, and do you think me guilty?" I asked tentatively.

He scratched his chin reflectively, and pondered deeply before he answered:

"Well, well. It's a bit difficult to say. In a way of speaking I suppose you are. You didn't ought to have sold them books, you know, without making sure that you had a right to do so. All the same, two months for three old books is a bit stiff. Still, you're only in the second division," he concluded, determined to take as cheerful a view of the case as possible.

Just then the shrill voice of a newspaper boy reached my ears. Was my name already in those papers, I asked myself with a thrill of intolerable anguish?

## PART III.

### Holloway Prison. First Stage.

AT 5.10 we arrived at Holloway. Oh, that second arrival. The horror, the misery, the shame of it! Compared to which, the first arrival at the prison hospital a week previously seemed more like a pleasant visit.

I descended sick at heart; some ten or twelve women followed me. The van had then been full of female prisoners; that is why we did not stop at Pentonville as on our first journey. While we stood on the pavement waiting for the next order, the driver turned and stared at me with keen interest, then grinned delightedly. It amused him doubtlessly to see a well-dressed woman in such a predicament.

At last the prison doors opened. A wardress stood awaiting us on the threshold. To her a policeman handed about a dozen blue sheets, the prisoners' charge sheets, I imagine. He received a paper in return, touched his helmet and withdrew. The door banged behind him. As the sound re-echoed in my ears it seemed to say with Dante:

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

I rightly applied those words to myself, for, although I was to re-cross that same threshold in seven short weeks a free woman once more, life could never be the same. To my grave I must carry the indelible mark of prison taint. I might go to foreign lands, live among people who did not know, would never know; but I must ever remember the shame, the ignominy, the bitter disgrace of those fifty-one days. I followed the others, dully wondering what those felt like who entered on a ten, fifteen, or twenty years' sentence.

### Not the Dregs of Womanhood.

A busy but silent scene met my eyes. Other vans had apparently deposited some thirty or forty women from all parts of London, for as many stood in a row, clad still in their outdoor garments. Wardresses flitted here and there, giving curt, abrupt orders, which the convicts received in silence and obeyed without a murmur.

I looked at these women with some surprise, a surprise that lasted during the whole term of my imprisonment. I expected to find at Holloway the dregs of womanhood; types of the vilest, most degraded kind, faces bloated and distorted by vice and drink. Well, when I looked round at that moment, and afterwards each day at exercise and chapel, I greatly wondered. In most cases I saw respectable-looking women of the lower working-classes. Women who did their daily work, silently, willingly, obeying the wardress' slightest command with prompt, unquestioning diffidence. Women who had some kind word of comfort and sympathy for a sobbing newcomer.

How many a time have I passed through the wards looking more dejected and despondent than my wont, when a kindly whisper reached my ear, "Come, cheer up, it ain't for long!" and a brown-clad figure would flit past me. No doubt one saw some villainous, degraded faces

in the crowd. But they were in the minority, as one to thirty perhaps.

We stood in a long file at an open door, and entered in twos and threes a big bare room, containing cupboards all round, a desk at which two wardresses sat writing; another table, where stood a convict, busy making bundles of the prisoners' clothes and ticketing them; lastly a weighing machine.

When I entered, two women stood in the middle, clad in the prison chemise only, a coarse, badly-made garment, with two red stripes running down each side, and a few broad arrows marked on it. I received the order to take off my clothes, and a chemise was handed to me.

Meanwhile a wardress stood by to see that the undressing proceeded with all decency, and once when a woman uncovered herself more than necessary, she was told to be more careful. The convict took my clothes, named each article to a wardress, who sat writing an inventory of the prisoners' property, then made a bundle of them, and ticketed it with my number, which I found out afterwards to be 18,666.

In my chemise I had to go to the table. The wardress undid my hair and searched it; she then passed her hands lightly down my sides. Took from me purse, money, jewellery, watch, combs, gloves, hat pins, &c., made a parcel of them, ticketed the parcel, and requested me to sign my inventory.

After that the usual questions were put to me, they never varied: name, age, religion, occupation (if any), whether married or single, my offence, the police-court at which I had been sentenced, and the length of my sentence. Then the second wardress wrote down a description of my personal appearance, and weighed me, after which she ordered me to follow the other women into an adjoining room. Here, on a big table and on shelves running round a wall, lay piles of clothing.

### In the Dress Department.

"When did you last have a bath?" inquired a wardress of me.

"I have a bath every day. I had one this morning."

"Then you don't need one now. Let's look at your head. Yes, you're all right. Pass on, and tell them to give you a green dress. You're in the second division."

A nice little convict of eighteen or so signed to me and began handing me under-garments.

"You wear knickers, of course," and I received a pair similar to the chemise. Then came a green flannel petticoat and a sort of sleeveless bodice of the same material, both striped with red and marked with the arrow of infamy.

"Better take them; you'll find your cell cold, especially as you're not likely to be put to housework. You're a lady, ain't you? Yes, your sort ain't never good for much 'cept sewing. You take my tip and ask to be put in the work-room; you won't find time so long. You wear stays usually, of course; don't have nothing to say to prison stays, they're no go. And here's your dress. See if it ain't too short. How long have you got? Two months. Lor', that ain't nothing! Come, cheer up, they'll soon pass."

### Clumsy, Hobnailed Boots.

The skirt consisted of a greenish, greyish skirt and a shapeless bodice, or rather a loose jacket. The red stripes and the broad arrow were not missing, but of the latter I could count but two, and both nearly washed out. I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving for even so negative a mercy; it seemed to diminish the burning shame.

Next I received a chequered blue and white apron, then a tiny white starched cap, to place on my head and fasten under the chin, finally a pair of thick, scratchy, hand-knitted stockings. All these garments were coarse, shapeless, uncomfortable, and much worn, but, thank Heaven, they were clean, and smelt of honest soap and water.

We then filed with stockinged feet into another part of the building, and here, in front of several shelves, covered with clumsy, hobnailed shoes made of rough, untanned leather, we were told to choose those that fitted us. The shoes thoroughly disgusted me. They could not be washed, and with a feeling of repulsion I thought of the feet that had been in them previously. But I had no heart to choose, so took the first I touched and slipped them on. They were about three sizes too big, and I shuffled helplessly along with them.

### Isolated in a Cell.

A few days later one of the head matrons complained to the chief officer of Ward A 2 that No. 5 dragged her feet, and I was immediately taken back to the boot shelves and made to choose a No. 3 size. Luck favoured me this time. I hit on a pair which had come perfectly new from Pentonville a few days previously, where they are made by the male convicts in the prison boot-makers' workshop, and as No. 3's are not usually required, they had passed unnoticed by the newly-arrived prisoners, who naturally always try to grab the best.

Four farthings make one penny; nine pennies, if handed to the F.A.F., make one happy boy or girl.

After getting our shoes, we were locked up separately in small cells, in which we had barely room to sit. Ten minutes later my cell was opened an inch, and a tin mug shoved in. I examined it. In reality there were two tin mugs—a small shallow one on the top, which held a small loaf of coarse brown bread, and a big deep one containing a tiny piece of tinned meat, all fat and gristle. I pushed both things away with loathing, thankful for the bovril I had drunk at the police-court, and wondering how I should live through seven weeks' starvation; for cat out of those horrible tin mugs with my fingers, I would not and could not.

After what seemed to me hours, they let me out and placed me in a row with twenty other women. A wardress then handed to each one two sheets, a pillow case, a towel, and a small cloth, which I learnt afterwards was to serve as a table cloth. The distribution over, we went upstairs and entered our respective wards.

The four wards, A, B, C, and D, ran out in a circular shape from a big circular hall. Each ward consisted of four corridors one above the other, running right round the building, and leaving an open centre from which you could see from roof to basement. A wire netting covered each centre, probably to prevent accidents or suicides. There must have been from twenty to twenty-five cells in each corridor, so eighty to each ward, in all 320 at a rough guess. Each corridor had its own sink and lavatory in a small open space, where brooms and pails were also kept. Small iron staircases led from one corridor to another.

I found myself placed in Ward 2, on a level with the circular hall. A tall, good-looking young wardress fetched me and took me to Cell 5. She showed me where my things were, taught me how to arrange them, spoke to me very kindly, and finally having advised me to make my bed and get into it, went out and locked me in.

#### The Red Portfolio.

I looked round. The cell was of the same size as the one in the remand hospital. But still more scantily furnished. The iron bedstead stood fixed into the floor. The coarse straw mattress and pillow-case rolled up; on them lay blanket and brown counterpane rolled up in a most mathematical fashion. Close to the door was a wooden shelf, also fastened into the wall, which served as table, and a small wooden bench.

Opposite was a three-cornered shelf, five feet from the floor, also fastened into the wall. On it were placed one over the other a Bible, a hymn book, Book of Common Prayer, a manual on health and house cleaning, and a story book. Beside the books lay a brush, small comb, big comb, packet of toilet paper; and, what interested me above all, a kind of red portfolio containing several printed cards, which I examined with the greatest care. The first set forth the prisoner's diet. There was a diet A, B, and C.

Diet A consisted of a pint of gruel and six ounces of bread morning and evening. At mid-day a pint of porridge and six ounces of bread, except on Wednesday and Saturday, when the porridge was replaced by six ounces of suet.

B and C diet were the same, except that C diet was a little more abundant, and could be obtained by any prisoner who had reached the third stage. The two diets comprised a pint of tea and six ounces of bread for breakfast, a pint of cocoa and the same amount of bread for supper. At midday always four ounces of unpeeled potatoes and bread with vegetable soup on Tuesdays and Fridays, suet on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and meat, boiled on Thursday, tinned on Sunday.

#### Three Stages of a Sentence.

The men's fare was similar, only more abundant. Juveniles under sixteen might have a pint of hot milk morning and evening. Prisoners undergoing punishment received one pound of bread daily, and as much water as they wanted.

I took up the second card, which set forth the different stages through which the prisoner had to pass.

During the first twenty-eight days of her sentence she was put on diet A, could neither receive nor write a letter, was not allowed a story-book, could receive no visitors, and lived completely isolated.

After twenty-eight days, if she had obtained her eight marks daily, she passed into the second stage, could receive and write one letter, change her story-book once a week, receive one visitor, and earn 1s. 6d. a week.

In the third month of her sojourn the prisoner passed into the stage when she was put on C diet. She might then write and receive a letter, also one or even two visitors every twenty-first day. She could change her library book twice a week, earn 2s. weekly, receive school instruction if she so desired, and be put to housework, laundry, or into a work-room. This last item seemed to be regarded as a great privilege by all prisoners, myself excepted, my only wish being to remain in my cell apart from other prisoners during the whole of my sentence, a wish easily granted to all prisoners, quite especially to those in the second division.

#### Remission of Sentence for Good Conduct.

Idle and disobedient or rebellious prisoners were put into the punishment cell from three to twelve days, even longer, or else they could be relegated to a former stage, but those who submitted to the rules received their eight marks a day, and passed easily from stage to stage.

Another card set forth that a prisoner could earn by good conduct a remission of one-sixth of her sentence, provided she was sentenced to more than thirty days' imprisonment. In my case I could work off ten days, which I eventually did.

Underneath the corner shelf was another shelf, one foot from the ground, on which were placed in symmetrical order a toilet set consisting of three tin basins—one to wash in, one for slops, and one for clean water.

The window had fourteen tiny smoke-coloured panes, incased in an iron frame, through which came the minimum of light. The air, of which there was also very little, came in through a wooden flap set in the middle of the window, which was close to the ceiling. The sill slanted, a wise precaution to prevent convicts hiding things in corners.

Having seen all there was to be seen, I unrolled my mattress and went to bed. The most miserable twenty-four hours of my life were over.

"Time and hour run through the roughest day."

At about eight that same evening I was startled by a brilliant light that flashed into my cell. A tap came at my door, and a voice outside asked if I was all right. I answered in the affirmative and sat up in bed. Over the door I saw a small cavity, paneled on the inside, accessible only from the outside, and there covered by a movable tin plate. Inside this cavity I beheld a gas jet, which the wardress on night duty had turned on to light my cell, so that, looking through the small pane, she could observe me. She made her rounds several times that night, I imagine, and left the gas flaring till four next morning.

At six a.m. a bell rang. I rose and dressed myself. Half an hour later the officer of the ward passed through, unlocking all the doors. It was the signal for prisoners to go to sink and lavatory. Here they congregated to talk when no officer was in sight. The same officer did not always do duty.

At times a stern one patrolled the wards; she would place herself opposite the sink, keep strict watch, and carefully re-lock each prisoner on the latter's return to her cell.

At other times a more easy-going wardress appeared; she would not trouble to watch the sink or to re-lock the cell doors and gates. I hated these forced visits to the sink, where I had to stand pushed about in the crowd of waiting women until I could reach the tap. But having already resolved to write an account of my experiences of prison life, I always placed myself in the thickest of the crowd, eager to obtain what information I could. It was also at such moments that I learnt most.

#### Dealing Out the Food.

At seven breakfast was brought to the ward. Two convicts came first, carrying between them a huge pail of gruel. They stopped before each cell at which A diet was marked on the board and filled the prisoner's mug to the brim with a thin, watery, unseasoned gruel.

Next came a convict carrying a basket of bread. To each prisoner she handed a loaf of very coarse brown bread, weighing exactly six ounces. Lastly came two more convicts carrying between them a pail full of tea, and followed by the ward officer. She ladled out a pint of tea to each prisoner on the B and C diet, then carefully locked the door of each cell. Cells were invariably most rigorously locked at meal time I soon discovered.

They were re-opened at 8.30 for chapel. All Church of England convicts took Prayer Books and filed up the small iron staircase to a large naked-looking chapel on a level with Ward 3, filled with wooden benches without backs. Fronting these benches at different intervals were the wardresses' desks or pews, some fifteen in number, from which every prisoner could be overlooked. I sat with some twenty prisoners of the second division in the left aisle. Facing us, in the right aisle, was a wired-off partition reserved, I imagine, for prisoners on remand, debtors, and such like.

#### Taught by a Convict.

In the body of the church were the brown-clad convicts, who were, of course, in the majority. The service lasted half an hour, during which these poor captives sang and prayed most earnestly, listening attentively to the short Wednesday sermon.

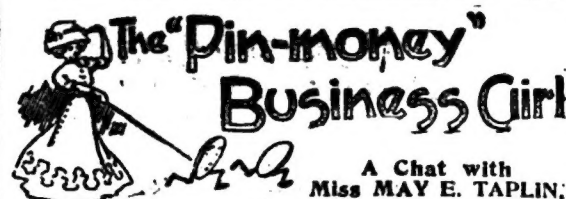
Three times a week the parish priest held a short service at half-past nine for Roman Catholic convicts, of which there were over one-third in the entire prison.

At nine o'clock we returned to our cells. On the first day of my sentence the chief officer of Ward 2 entered my cell with a convict who wore on her left arm the three striped badge, as a guarantee that she had reached the third stage.

Under the officer's direction she taught me to roll up my mattress, fold my sheets, blanket, and counterpane. This last task was most difficult, and I did it abominably up to my last day; usually the wardress sent a more expert convict to re-roll it after me. You had to take one sheet, fold it in four, and stretch it on the floor. Then place the portfolio on it, and make sure that it did not overlap the former on either side. After that wind the sheet carefully round the portfolio. The second sheet, the blanket, the counterpane had to be wound round in their turn. That done, according to set rules, you withdrew the portfolio and replaced it on its place on the corner shelf.

It was a wise and necessary precaution to have the bed rolled up, otherwise lazy and idle prisoners would have lain on it during the greater part of the day. But many of the regulations appeared to me silly, and gave quite unnecessary trouble, such as rolling up the sheets and blankets in this symmetrical fashion when they could just as well have been tidily folded and placed under the mattress.

(To be continued.)



[Miss Taplin is treasurer of the Southwark Branch of the National Union of Clerks, and took a prominent part at the recent meeting of that organisation held to protest against the growing system of supplanting men clerks by cheap female labour, and particularly the competition of "pin-money" girl clerks, a serious matter to all clerks, which Miss Taplin has been kind enough to discuss with our representative].

ALTHOUGH the National Union of Clerks is some sixteen years old, it seems to have taken a fresh lease of life within the last few years.

Anyway, membership and branches of the Union have lately increased by leaps and bounds, and the reasons for this renewed vitality are not far to seek.

The conditions of clerical employment have been growing steadily worse; men clerks' salaries have come down by from 30 per cent. to 50 per cent., owing, I will frankly admit, to the competition of women clerks, while we women clerks ourselves are seriously threatened and injured by the competition of "pin-money" girls. The necessity of combining for mutual protection is therefore being forced upon all genuine clerical workers of both sexes, and the National Union is daily growing stronger.

#### Average Wage, 10s. a Week.

Fortunes are quickly made and lost nowadays, and the daughter of even a wealthy father may well find herself stranded and penniless, and I say that every woman has and should exercise the right to work for independence, provided she does not injure other women workers by underselling her labour.

But that is just what the pin-money girl does do! Secure of her daily bread and lodging she can afford to accept, and does accept, less than a living wage, with the result that the woman clerk's average wage is lowered to a point which means semi-starvation for the girl who is altogether dependent on herself. The woman clerk's average salary is now 10s. a week, and for a girl without other resources that emphatically is not a living wage.

Are there many pin-money girls? The majority of women clerks have to earn their living, but still the girl who comes to office wearing beautiful flowers from her father's conservatories, who when she goes to the theatre sits in the stalls, who enjoys most of the good things of life exists in a minority sufficiently strong to be a real danger to the majority who have to struggle for an occasional bunch of violets, a rare visit to the pit, and a fairly regular pat of butter with their bread.

#### Affects Men as well as Women.

Time after time I have heard fellow clerks talking of their luxurious homes, their expensive amusements, their generally fine style of living away from the office. Of course, in some cases it is just "swank," but in others I know it to be true. Their parents are really well off, yet these girls voluntarily come out to work. Why? They want to be independent, to have money that is really their own, perhaps to escape from the monotony of home life.

The pin-money girl injuriously affects men as well as women clerks; she lowers the standard wage for her class, and with that down comes the standard for men, and everybody suffers.

That opens up the much larger question of the competition of women against men clerks, and the great principle the National Union of Clerks is fighting for is equal wages for men and women, and a living wage for both. Were this granted, I do not think the number of women clerks would be seriously diminished.

Women do not oust men simply because they are cheap, but because they will give as good work for half the money. That is radically unjust to both men and women. Let an equal and minimum wage be fixed for both, and while I think women would still hold their own, the competition would at least be fair.

#### Has to be Competent.

Women have no sense of their own value, and they must be awakened to it. Here is an instance. A friend of mine on voluntarily relinquishing an excellent clerical post, where she was receiving 35s. a week, was asked to choose her successor. She did so, and impressed upon the newcomer that she was to ask the same salary, as she would certainly get it. Nevertheless, this girl deliberately offered to take 25s. a week, and naturally the firm took her at her own valuation.

I do not object to the pin-money girl as such; she has to be competent, and whether she works for food or new hats is her own concern, but I do object to the miserable salary she will accept. Her "cutting" tactics lead to such scandals as a girl cashier receiving 8s. 6d. a week being in a position to embezzle thousands, to want and starvation for hard-working women left alone in the world, and to the general lowering of all clerks' salaries.

An equal minimum living wage for both men and women clerks—that is what I hope to see realised.

May E. Taplin

# Recorded in Rhyme.

## S(H)AVING MONEY.

["People who used to be shaved once a week are only shaved once a fortnight now," said a County-Courted barber recently.]

WHEN a bright financial bubble  
Bursts, and people's wings are scared,  
From each face emerges stubble—  
They commence to grow a beard;  
Though unpleasant thoughts they harbour,  
Shuffling to a bankrupt's grave;  
'Tisn't that they hate the barber,  
But they can't afford a shave.

When you haven't lunched for days, or  
Dined, you take to  
Uncle's shop  
First the silver-plated  
razor  
That you never  
learnt to strop.  
Pawned—ah! bitter  
pill to swallow!  
Yet it had the power  
to wound,  
And it gave you  
grounds to holler,  
Though it was so  
holler ground.

When we're poor, the  
barber cross is;  
Custom leaves him,  
honest soul!  
He can only cut  
his losses

And is fairly up the pole.  
Yet some day, when things are brisker,  
Other's wealth shall be his gain;  
Joyful he will wipe our whisker  
From his razor once again.



## WHAT NO WOMAN KNOWS.

["No woman knows how much her husband earns," Judge Bacon asserted at the Whitechapel County Court recently.—Daily Paper.]

IN courting days a youth will let  
Imagination help a lot  
When talking of the wage he'll get,  
Or has already got.  
He wants the girl to think that he  
Has quite a record  
salary.

But, when they're  
wed, another  
tale  
He tells; and  
prudently im-  
plies  
His "screw" is on  
a modest  
scale:  
She must econo-  
mise.  
He'll get a "rise,"  
too, I admit,  
And will not always  
mention it.

So, even though she may go through  
His pockets in old-fashioned style,  
She's in the dark. All questions, too,  
He parries or eludes with guile.  
He never states his earnings—or  
She'd know how much to ask him for!



## LADY "SIDESMEN."

[Six girls handed round the offertory bags at a service in the Argyle Chapel, Bath, the other Sunday.—Daily Paper.]

THE congregation at our church  
For long had left it in the lurch.  
The vicar, he was sad;  
And felt he must a scheme contrive  
To keep the dying cause alive  
And to his income add.

So through the parish he progressed  
And called upon the  
prettiest  
Of all the girls he  
knew  
Said he, "Will you the  
bags take round  
On Sundays? If so,  
I'll be bound,  
Your deed much  
good will do."

The girls consented  
with a will,  
And soon the church  
began to fill  
With men of every  
age.

The vicar wore a  
happier look,  
And larger offertories they took—  
Those girls were all the rage.

One Sunday evening when 'twas hot  
To church there came a well-dressed lot  
Of men who seemed devout.  
Alas! those girls with ogling grin,  
They charmed, but put no money in  
The bags—they took it out!



## Views of McTosh

A Delightful Series by ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

### On Ghosts.

"Did ye hear the news, Laird?"  
asked Sandy, sitting down with a  
scared look. "Tonal' M'Fyne has  
been hearin' sic awfu' noises aboot  
the hoose, and maist ilka body agrees that there wad be  
a ghaist in the place."

"Losh me! Sandy Macphairson," replied the Laird,  
with a snort, "ye maun be daft tae be listening tae sic  
clishmaclaver as yon. I hae heard o' ghaists aften  
eneuch, but niver one that was worth the fuss folk made  
ower it."

"When I was a laddie we had a ghaist in the kirkyard,  
and a' the folk was feart maist tae death wi' it, till one  
nicht a laddie that didna mind sic things threw a stane  
at it, and knockit its heid off. And we found it was  
nae mair than a turnip wi' a lichted candle inside, stuck  
on a broomstick."

"Then ye're nae feart o' ghaists, the noo, Laird?"  
asked Sandy.

### Ghaistly Thing Rose Up Frae the Hedge.

"I'll no gang sae far as tae say that," replied McTosh.  
"I dinna believe in ghaists, but I wouldna gang oot o'  
my road tae meet one. I mind me once aboot twenty  
years sin', I was gaun along the road when a ghaistly  
thing rose up frae the hedge and tollt me to stan' still.  
But I did naething o' the kind."

"I tuke tae ma heels and ran awa'. But the  
ghaist was a better rinner than masel'. He came up  
to me, and asked for ma siller, and when I said I wadna  
gie him any, he hit me a maist awfu' smack on the heid."

"I tell ye, Man Sandy, I was niver muckle guid at  
fechtin', but I was sae pleased to find that the ghaist was  
nae mair than a flesh-and-bluid creature like masel' that  
I gie'd him a proper threshin' oot o' the great joy  
o' ma hairt. When I had done wi' him, he tollt me that  
he had been oot o' work for twa months, and hadna  
any ither way o' makin' an honest livin'."

"Sae, gin I tell ye I'm no sure that I'm no' feart o'  
ghaists, ye'll unnerstaun that I hae lairnt frae experience  
that a ghaist is maistly an ill-willie that is oot for the  
hairm o' ither folk."

"Whiles he's no a real ghaist, but maist times he'll  
be a terrible desperate fechter, and I think I wad as  
sune be just seein' a real ghaist as rinnin' intae the arms  
o' a man dressed in a white sheet that kens hoo tae fecht  
better than I ken masel'."

"But," said Sandy, "the ghaist at Tonal' M'Fyne's  
hoose wad be, I'm tollt, a wumman in white."

"Dinna ye believe any sic nonsense, Sandy Macphair-  
son," replied McTosh. "It's a man, for a' the warld  
the same as me and yoursel'. I mind once o' a ghaist  
they had down in Glesgea a while sin'. On the stroke o'

twal' ilka nicht the people i' the hoose wad be hearin'  
groans comin' frae the cellar.

"One nicht the puir feart man o' the hoose went doon  
tae see what wad be the matter, and he saw the figure o' a  
wumman dressed in white standin' there and moanin'  
maist dreadfu'."

"Aboot the same time he found that his whuskey  
that was kept in the cellar was gaun ower quickly; and  
a nicht or so later he took the whuskey awa' and pit  
twa polismen there instead. And sure eneuch on the  
stroke o' twal' the ghaist came creepin' an' moanin'  
intae the cellar, and the polismen gie'd it something  
tae moan for. It was nae a wumman at a', but a braw  
lad wi' a muscle on him that was ower muckle for the  
twa polismen tae manage."

"It tuke five men tae drag the loon tae the station,  
and one o' them was maist kilt when they got there.  
Ghaists and bogles are hairmless eneuch in themsel's,  
but when they're impairsonated by fechtin' sconners—as  
they maistly are—it's no for honest men tae seek their  
company."

"But I hae haired o' ghaists that naeboddy has ever  
seen," said Sandy. "They wull merely groan and  
rattle chains, and naeboddy kens whaur the noise is  
comin' frae."

"Nae doot," replied McTosh, with an indulgent smile;  
"and ye wull hear tell o' puir bodies that hae been seen  
walkin' aboot the hoose wi' their heids under their arms.  
But that was long sin', Sandy Macphairson."

"Noo, when a man comes and tells ye he has seen  
sic a sight, ye should advise him tae tak mair watter  
tae his whuskey before he gangs ower far wi' his deesolate  
habits. Sic things are niver really seen at a'. They're  
maistly the result o' intemperate livin', or else a sign  
that the puir body that claims to hae seen them is in a  
fair way tae becoming daft a'thegither."

## KEEPING UP-TO-DATE

A copy of the "Daily Express"  
delivered at your door regularly will  
keep you in touch with everything  
new. Women's interests are  
specially catered for, and the Work  
for Women Competition now  
running has exceptional interest  
for all lady readers. . . .

Any Newsagent will supply the "Daily Express" for  
a Halfpenny per day.

"In days lang syne people livin' in big hooses wad  
tell ye that ilka nicht, or on sairtain times o' the year,  
ye could hear ghaistly feet walkin' up and doon the  
back-door, and that if ye went oot tae see wha was  
there, ye wad be struck tae death."

"But noo they lock the plate and sic like in a safer  
place at night, and keep a' their spare siller in the bank;  
and ye'll notice that the ghaists hae gone walkin' some-  
where else, whaur the hooseholders are nae sae carefu'.  
We wad hae more respect for ghaists if we could lairn  
frae their hecstory that they were nae sae fond o' breakin'  
the Ten Commandments."

### A Sign o' Death.

"And as tae hearin' strange noises that naeboddy  
can account for, I'll toll ye, Sandy Macphairson, o' a  
case o' a freen' o' my ain. He tollt me once that ilka  
nicht aboot eight o' clock he and his wife wad hear a  
strange knockin' on the wall o' the hoose, and after a  
few or twa the wife began tae get feart."

"She said it was a sign o' death; but the husband  
thocht it well ower, and one nicht he got up in a hurry  
and went oot and tollt the polisman i' the street that  
it was nae guid his knockin' there ony mair, because  
the servant had taen up wi' anither laddie instead, wha  
hadna sic a devastatin' appetite."

"Ghaists are a' like yon, Sandy Macphairson. Ye've  
no need tae be rinnin' after them, even if ye're sairtain  
o' your fechtin' powers; but if ye canna avoid them,  
ye'll find they're naething tae be feart for."

"They're like a weanie's rattle, that wull mak' a  
maist mysterious noise for bairns that dinna unnerstaun  
the secret o' it; but ye hae only tae pu' the  
thing tae pieces tae see that it is nae mair than the  
jinglin' o' when bits o' metal tumblin' ower one  
anither."

MRS. SMART: "Be sure and come. You'll meet quite  
a number of pretty women."

MR. CARTE (gallantly): "Yes; but it will not be for the  
pretty women that I shall come, but for you."

## MOTHER'S MAKE.

THE young couple, who had been only married a few  
months, sat at dinner.

"George, dear," she cooed, "how is the soup?"

"Too much seasoning in it," replied the mere man  
grumpily.

"And the duck?" she asked.

"Overdone as usual."

"And the fruit tart?"

"The pastry's perfectly wretched!" retorted her loving  
husband.

She rose to her full height, about five feet nothing,  
and, freezing him with her glance, said calmly, "I'm  
sorry, dear, that your dinner does not please you. Your  
mother prepared it."

Show your gratitude for the good time you had on Whit Monday by posting off a P.O. for ninspence  
to pay for one FRESH AIR FUND holiday.

## Picked Pars.

A Few Items of Fact that Will Interest You.

### Mice's Expensive Meal.

A fire, believed to have originated through mice nibbling matches and igniting them, did damage to the extent of £3,000 at the Llanhilleth Post-office quite recently.

### Costly Dish of Peas.

The Paris courts have awarded £60 to Mlle. Bernheim, a society lady, for damage done by a dish of green peas to her shoulder and her dress. Mlle. Bernheim was standing in a restaurant when a waiter upset the peas over her.

### Veterans at Cricket.

Mr. W. Stephenson, who formerly played cricket for East Suffolk, played a single wicket match against three other old cricketers at Gorleston. He "declared" when he had made twenty-three runs, and bowled all his opponents for twenty-two.

### Humming Birds in Bananas.

A humming bird's nest, containing three dead fledglings, was discovered in a consignment of bananas which reached Leicester market.

### Where are Their Nerves?

At the Hartfield, Sussex, railway station a couple of swallows have built their nest on the top of the electric bell box.

### To Banish Locusts.

Every rural inhabitant of Northern Syria is to collect and deliver at least 2½ lb. of locust eggs to the Turkish Government this summer, under penalty of a fine, to avert a plague of locusts.

### Marvels of the Prickly Pear.

Soap, spirits, cattle food, unbreakable crockery, linoleum, sugar, paper and leather, can be made from the prickly pear. Yet traders of South and Central Africa are in doubt whether it shall be eradicated or cultivated.

### Sixty Miles for a Bride.

A bridegroom and his bride's brother cycled sixty miles from Colchester, calling at Clacton, Dovercourt, and Harwich, to secure the necessary registrar's certificate, which had been delayed. The marriage took place at the end of the ride.

### Spinster's Paradise.

When a young girl entered a pawnbroker's shop in Leipzig with fourteen rings she was suspected and detained. Inquiries proved that she was the rightful owner, and that the rings were souvenirs of fourteen fiancés.

### German Honesty.

While returning from a theatre in Berlin, Mlle. Anna Pawlowa, prima ballerina of the imperial Russian ballet, left diamonds valued at £5,000 in the cab. The driver of the cab returned the valuables, and Mlle. Pawlowa gave him £40 as a reward.

### Seven Years Old Bride.

Prince Lidj Jeassu, grandson of the Emperor Menelik and heir to the Abyssinian throne, has been married to Princess Romanie, grand-daughter of the late Emperor John and niece of the Empress seven.

If you've an idea, send it along.

## Picture Pars.

We pay half-a-crown for each original picture par. accepted by us.

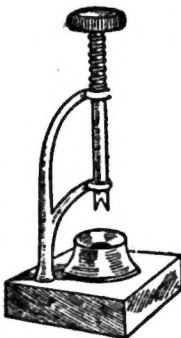
### TIP FOR THE ABSENT-MINDED.

ALL of you, no doubt, find it somewhat difficult to keep your tickets after they have been handed to you by the conductor on tram or bus, and the result is that when an official wishes to inspect it you cannot put your hand on it. Perhaps you have torn it up, slipped it in a pocket, or dropped it on the floor, but more often than not it is nowhere to be found. This picture shows a very simple method of guarding against the annoyance. It consists merely of an ordinary wire paper fastener which is sewn inside coat or jacket. It is quite out of sight, but it holds the ticket securely until it is required.



### USEFUL CHERRY STONER.

THE cherry season will soon be with us, and it will bring with it the useful little machine shown in this sketch. It is known as a cherry-stone extractor, and it performs its task very efficiently. It consists of a small specially formed cup, in the bottom of which is a hole leading to a corresponding hole drilled in the block of wood to which the appliance is fixed. Over the cup is a forked iron rod supporting a toothed "plunger," which, after being pressed down, is automatically raised by means of a spring. The cherry is placed in the cup, and pressure is applied to the plunger with the hand. The toothed end penetrates the cherry and forces out the stone, which drops through the hole in the cup. The machines, which are sold for a few pence, scarcely damage the fruit at all.



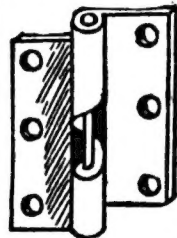
### HOW TO REGULATE A CLOCK.

THERE are a number of people who do not know how to regulate a pendulum clock, but this picture indicates how it should be done. The time taken for one swing of a pendulum depends on the position of the weight. If the weight is raised the pendulum swings quickly, and if dropped, slowly, while the hands revolve at a corresponding speed. It will be found that the weight is supported by a nut, which screws up and down the threaded rod. If the clock is losing, the weight should be raised by screwing the nut upwards, thus increasing the speed of the pendulum. If the clock gains, the nut must be screwed down, thus lowering the weight. It is difficult, at first, to find the correct position in which to fix the weight so that the clock neither gains nor loses, but with a little patience it may be done.



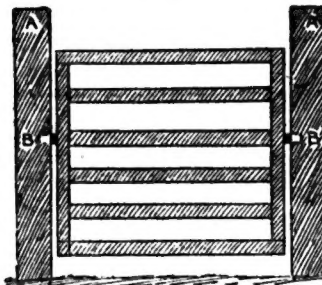
### SAVES THE CARPET.

It sometimes happens that the carpet of a room is too thick to allow the door to be opened easily. The usual result is that either the carpet has to be cut away or a portion of the bottom edge of the door trimmed off, thus causing a draught. By the use of the hinge depicted in this illustration the defect can be easily remedied. The wearing parts of the two leaves of this hinge form a spiral curve, and the result is that as the door is opened it rises, leaving a space between itself and the floor. Another advantage is that the hinge allows the door to close automatically.



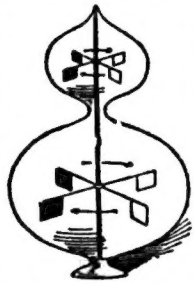
### WHEN THE HORSE JUMPS.

If a horse should fail to jump a hurdle, and strikes it either with his chest or hoofs, the animal may be severely injured. For this reason, the hinged hurdle shown in this picture is extensively used at horse-shows and elsewhere. In the centre of the gate at each side is fixed a short spindle B.B., which fit into holes in the posts A.A. Directly the hurdle is hit it swings to a horizontal position, and does not bring the horse down or injure it in any way. Neither can the hurdle be broken.



### DRIVEN BY THE SUN.

You have no doubt noticed the curious little appliance shown in this picture in oculists' windows, and wondered how the little flags revolve apparently without any motive power whatever. They are in reality driven by the heat of the sun. The glass globe is almost exhausted of air, and upon the vertical rod fixed inside it is fitted, by means of a glass ring, the four little flags or vanes, as they are called. One side of each vane is painted white, and the other black. As most people know, black absorbs and radiates heat, while white only does so to a very small extent. If a ray of sunshine meets the globe, the particles of air it contains are set in motion and strike both sides of the vanes. As black is the better radiator of heat, the air recoils with greater force from the dark side than from the light, and slight as the difference in the force of the recoil is, it is sufficient to set the little flags in motion. If a piece of hot metal is placed against the apparatus it will have the same effect as the sun, for the flags will spin round violently.



### A Girl Without a Doll.

MADAME MELBA, the prima donna, has recently confessed that, as a child, she never possessed any dolls. "I never had a wish for dolls," she has said, "nor the time to play with them. My favourite toys were my tiny harp and violin, and in their company I spent thousands of blissful hours as a little girl. I was only four years old when my father began to teach me music, and at eight I could play almost any piece at sight. At twelve I was leading soprano in a church at Albany, and a little later I became organist and choirmaster."

### Entrapping a Musician.

THE life of a famous artiste is not always a bed of roses, and Mischa Elman, the famous violinist, once had a somewhat nasty practical joke played upon him by some musical students. They became jealous of his superior talent, and determined to take a mean revenge.

At one of his concerts he retired to a small room at the back of the building in order to run through an especially difficult passage in a piece he was to play during the evening. While he was engaged in doing this, the key was turned in the door, making him a prisoner.

"I tried in vain to escape," says Mischa Elman, "and presently heard voices calling 'Mischa! Mischa!' But it was not until the audience and orchestra had waited over twenty minutes that I was found and released."

### The Stages of Life.

PROFESSOR JOHN MUIRHEAD, of Birmingham University, was once examining some children in moral teaching, and he asked them to write an essay on the three stages of life.

One bright child sent in the following: "There are three stages in life. The first is when we are very young, and think of the wicked things which we shall be able to do when we are older; and this is the age of innocence. The second is when we are older, and are able to do the wicked things which we thought about when we were young; and this is the prime of life. The third is when we are doty and repent the wicked things which we did when we were younger; and this is the dotage."

### That Settled It.

A good story is being told of the days when the Earl of Crewe was Viceroy of Ireland. He had a considerable sense of the importance of the Vice-royalty, and when out walking one morning with a lady he passed first through a small gate.

"The Prince of Wales always opens a door for me," said his companion reprovingly.

"That may be," returned Lord Crewe; "but I represent the Queen."

### Then the King Smiled.

As is well known, King Edward is a very good bridge player, apropos of which fact an amusing incident occurred not long ago. During a party the King desired that a certain young lady should be his partner for a game of

bridge, but when she was told of this she became very much concerned, as she could not play the game. She told the King this, but he, supposing that she was merely bashful, insisted, whereupon she said, "Indeed, sir, I cannot play at all. I assure you I know so little about cards that I hardly know the difference between a king and a knave."

It was only when she saw the amused twinkle in the King's eye that she saw what she had said.

### She was Satisfied.

MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P., who is going for a lengthy tour abroad on account of his health, is regarded almost as a prophet in Poplar, where he lives, and people come to him for all kinds of advice and help. One day at Christmas time an old woman visited him with a sorry tale, and said that she was almost starving. Now Mr. Crooks happened to know that the old soul was not to be trusted with money, as she was rather fond of visiting the public-house; but he suddenly bethought him of a huge Christmas plum-pudding which some kind person had just sent him for distribution among the poor, so he gave his visitor a large slice of this. Not over pleased, the old woman departed.

The next day he met her again, and it was easy to see that she had just come out of a place of refreshment. "Where did you get the money from, granny," he asked sternly, "to get like this?" Smiling serenely, the old lady replied: "Sure, Mr. Crooks, there was a shillin' hidden in the piece of puddin'!"

# In Strange Shoes.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

## THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

"I don't think I'm hurt a bit—really." The young man who is knocked down by a taxi-cab just outside Hyde Park Corner, sits up, and with the aid of a policeman scrambles to his feet.

The occupant of the taxi, Clive Mayhew, a famous surgeon, recognises him as Mr. George Hilton, the great African explorer, lately returned to England after being away for three years.

The surgeon, after expressing his regrets for the accident, explains that he must hurry away to a case, Sir Arthur Gervaise, who has met with a serious injury.

George's abstracted manner strikes the surgeon as peculiar, and it suddenly dawns on him that he has made a great mistake in mentioning Sir Arthur Gervaise, as, prior to Hilton's going away, a rumour was current that he was in love with Lady Sara Brendon, now Sir Arthur's wife.

Meanwhile, George can remember nothing. He goes through his pockets and discovers a letter signed: "Your unhappy father—Gilbert Annesley." He seems to have made a terrible blunder, as the letter tells him to leave the country until he has atoned and retrieved his character.

He wanders through Hyde Park and takes a seat in Rotten Row, where his attention is drawn to a lady accompanied by a beautiful girl, about twenty years of age, and a young fellow. The girl nods to him, and George racks his brain to discover who she is.

She must be making the same mistake as the surgeon. This assumption is confirmed a minute later, as a good-humoured looking man takes him by the arm.

The new-comer is Sir James Duncan, Hilton's close friend. The beautiful girl, Peggy Marston, has pointed George out to him.

Imbued with the spirit of adventure, George does not undeceive him as to his identity; and Duncan proposes a lunch together, to be followed by a visit in the afternoon to Hurlingham; Peggy Marston and her chaperone, Lady Westmere, to join the party.

George agrees and adapts himself to the rôle of Hilton admirably. He gathers plenty of news from Duncan, and amongst other things that, though Peggy is living with Lady Westmere, she is only distantly related to her.

They both welcome him in the afternoon, especially Peggy—and the party of four travel down to Hurlingham as arranged. George falls head-over-ears in love with Peggy. He induces her to take a walk with him, and, in exchanging confidences, learns that Peggy's aunt wants her to marry a Lord Bardley.

George has taken an instinctive dislike to Lord Bardley, gained from Duncan's remarks concerning him, and he makes Peggy promise that she will marry neither him nor anyone else she does not love.

The same party travel back from Hurlingham by motor, and after dropping Lady Westmere and Peggy at Knightsbridge, Duncan suggests that George shall play the host, for a change, by proposing a final drink at George's rooms.

George is arguing when Duncan swiftly turns the car into Dover Street and pulls up before a large house.

The door is opened by Cummins, a sedate-looking manservant. He regards George without the least sign of suspicion, and, leading the way upstairs, switching on the lights as he goes, eventually throws open the door of a spacious sitting-room.

Sir James does not stay long, and after he is gone George takes to examining the heap of letters and papers scattered around. One letter in particular catches his eye. It is addressed: "To be opened and read immediately." It is written by the real George Hilton. For no apparent reason he has gone away to commit suicide. He leaves no relations; and his will, so the letter says, will be discovered in the drawer of a writing desk.

This terrible discovery renders it unnecessary for George to leave the house that night; he can destroy the letter and not a soul will be any the wiser.

He weighs up the consequences of taking the dead man's place. Can he do it? Dare he do it? And if he does will it lead to hardships for others?

The first step is to find the will. This is soon done, and George reads that everything is bequeathed to Peggy Marston, the daughter of an old friend. Reading between the lines George sees that Hilton loved Peggy as much as she loved him.

This decides it, and taking the plunge recklessly, George vows that Peggy shall have more than the legacy; she shall have him; he loves her; henceforth he will be George Hilton. Before retiring to rest for the night, he carefully goes through the dead man's belongings, gathering every scrap of knowledge that is likely to be of any use to him.

Cummins wakes him early the next morning, bringing in the papers and an early cup of tea. He arranges the hour for breakfast, and leaves George to have his bath.

Scanning the paper, during his breakfast, George reads a brief account of the accident to Sir Arthur Gervaise. It appears that the baronet has cut himself with a poisoned knife.

Reflecting on this and on the curious glances people gave him at Hurlingham on the mention of Lady Sara's name, George thinks he will hear more about the lady, and wonders what she is like.

## CHAPTER SIX. "We Killed Him!"

GEORGE was to be enlightened that day—to a certain point. Sir James Duncan turned up, according to his promise, and carried George off to lunch with him at the Gourmet Club in Piccadilly, a recent promotion which owed its inception to Sir James himself. It was, as everyone said who knew the genial baronet, just the very sort of thing that might have been expected of him.

For Sir James was a gourmet and made no secret of his failing or hobby—call it by whichever name you please. He had travelled the world over in search of new dishes, and he had written more than one book upon gastronomical subjects, books which had come to be regarded as the last word of the epicure.

He was a popular man in London, none more so; his jovial red face was an invariable adjunct at first-night performances and at all Bohemian meetings. Society, in the more recognised meaning of the term, he avoided as far as he was able; nevertheless, when he could be induced to put in an appearance he was always *persona grata* in smart drawing-rooms.

"You don't know the Gourmet, of course?" So he chatted as they reached the door of the club, a rather pretentious-looking building, which had already passed through a chequered career, club after club having been founded upon the premises, only to have as ephemeral an existence as was generally prophesied for the Gourmet. "It's quite a new institution," he went on, "a bantling of my own; and since you've been out of England for so long you've naturally heard nothing about it. You know my little peculiarities, of course, and how I want to teach Londoners to take their food as if they enjoyed it. People say I live to eat"—he smiled broadly—"and, after all, one might have many worse failings."

As they passed through the hall of the club Duncan was hailed by an individual who was just going out, a person to whom George took an immediate and instinctive dislike. He disliked him all the more when, on being introduced, he learnt that this was none other than Lord Bardley.

In age he must have been near sixty. A tall, dark man, with sharp features, thin dyed hair, and a general affectation of youthfulness. George could have sworn that he wore stays, also that his shoulders, which he was given to hunching up, were padded; also he walked with a limp, palpably due to the extreme tightness of his boots. George had already learnt that he was immensely wealthy.

"Aren't you lunching, Bardley?" queried the genial baronet. "You might join us—and we'll hear about Hilton's adventures in Africa."

"Thanks, no," drawled the other. He stared at George through his pince-nez. "I've got another engagement—I'm lunching with Lady Westmere." He plumed himself up and smiled. And George—who guessed what his object must be in paying that visit—hated him for his affectations and told himself that he had done well in placing his commands upon Peggy—very well.

He could not help smiling to himself as he wondered if Lord Bardley would look quite so cheerful when his visit to Knightsbridge was concluded.

"You've heard, of course, that poor Gervaise is dead?" said Lord Bardley as he lit a cigar and carefully brushed his hat.

Duncan had not heard, and expressed genuine sorrow. "Yes—early this morning. There was no hope from the start. A beastly poisoned knife."

"It's queer," said Duncan; "one would have thought that a man of Gervaise's experience—a physiologist—would have been more careful. Of course it was an accident?"

"Oh, of course," George thought that the man's eyes were shifty. "He admitted it himself to the doctors. But there's bound to be an inquest. Lady Sara will be sending for you, I expect," he added, with a suggestive smile, directed at George, as he turned away.

"Indeed, I expect she will," commented Duncan, as he led the way to the smoking-room. "Lady Sara is a rich widow now, one of the smartest women in London; and so I should think, Hilton, that you and she will be making up the little tiff or whatever it was that drove you off to Africa and Lady Sara into marriage with a man she could never have loved. But perhaps you don't care to speak about it? Forgive me, and let me order you a Duncan cocktail—an invention of my own. There's nothing better to give one an appetite."

The name of Lady Sara was not repeated, but George had learnt what he wanted to know. There was no doubt at all that he would have to deal with Lady Sara; there was a rival in Peggy's path.

Luncheon over, George excused himself and returned to his chambers. He occupied himself for the rest of that day, and indeed till late at night, in unpacking cases and generally in putting his rooms in order.

The next morning he glanced quickly through his correspondence when Cummins brought up the letters as he sat at breakfast; he more than half suspected what he would find there.

At the very bottom of the pile he came across it. It was an envelope of a soft mauve shade and was addressed in a neat handwriting, obviously feminine.

George was conscious of a delicate perfume, elusive and subtle, that rose to his nostrils as he unfolded and read the contained missive.

It began abruptly, without any formal opening:

"You must come to me this morning. I must see you without delay. If you love me, George, do not fail me now." Below this came the signature, the one word, "Sara."

George pushed his plate away from him, his appetite for his breakfast gone.

"The long and the short of it is, I suppose"—so he decided—"that Lady Sara is in love with me." He was speaking of himself now as though he were actually George Hilton, trying to accustom himself to the necessary line of thought. He sucked in his lips reflectively. "By Jove," he repeated. "I'm beginning to see complications that may make things anything but pleasant for me."

He thrust his chair aside, and, getting up, began to perambulate the room. "I may have taken on Hilton's fortune," he muttered, "but I have taken on his troubles too, and I'm inclined to think that they'll prove anything but light ones."

He broke into a laugh that had a good deal of reckless defiance in it. "Well, never mind!" he exclaimed. "I swore I'd face any difficulties that arose for Peggy's sake, and for Peggy's sake, Lady Sara or no Lady Sara, I'm going right on. I don't suppose I can be forced into a marriage against my will and, in any case, even if she should prove a very demon of jealousy, I'm not going to renounce my chance of winning Peggy. I'll go and see Lady Sara, as she asks me to." He set his lips firmly. "I'll face her and have done with it."

This determination arrived at, he seated himself once more at the table and took up the daily paper. He wanted to learn what was said of the death of Sir Arthur Gervaise. There was bound to be a full description of the accident, for Sir Arthur was a man of considerable reputation in London.

He found a long and sympathetic article and he read it attentively from beginning to end. Sir Arthur Gervaise was a scientist, a physiologist, one of the highest authorities on poisons that England had known. His verdict had always been regarded as final in the important poisoning cases which now and again came before the criminal courts; the reporter to the paper had several anecdotes to tell with regard to those cases in which Sir Arthur had been concerned. It made excellent copy.

It had been a sad accident and one which should have been avoidable, so the paper surmised, to a man of Sir Arthur's experience and technical knowledge.

He had been examining the blade of a knife, a weapon which had been sent to him from Africa, and he had, by some mischance, cut his wrist. Very little had been thought of the wound at first, for there had been no reason to believe that the knife was poisoned. Yet such, unfortunately, had proved to be the case, and in spite of his own knowledge and of the antidotes which had been administered with the smallest possible delay, the distinguished patient had sunk and died.

The name of Clive Mayhew was given a certain prominence in the report, a prominence which must have been pleasing to the eminent surgeon.

Some domestic details followed. George learnt that Sir Arthur had died in his fiftieth year, that he had barely been married for three years, and that he was childless. He had married Lady Sara Brendon, the daughter of an English peer and of a South American lady. Lady Sara, with whom much sympathy was expressed was, so the report stated, a well-known and popular figure in London society.

Having read to the end George threw the paper aside, shrugged his shoulders, and smiled grimly to himself. "It strikes me I shall need all the nerve I can muster," he remarked to himself, "and if I get through this without giving myself away, with the small amount of information at my command, well, I shall believe that I'm a born actor."

With which George rang for his breakfast to be cleared away, and an hour later, having made a very careful toilet, he bade Cummins summon a taxi-cab, and drove to the house of Lady Sara Gervaise in Cavendish Square.

It was a large and rather sombre corner house, painted in a tone of dull red. All the blinds were drawn down and the aspect of death seemed to pervade it. George was admitted by a liveried footman, and a butler who, somewhat to his surprise, appeared to recognise him, conducted him at once to Lady Sara's boudoir. Here, for a few minutes, he was left alone.

"That man knew me," so George commented to himself, "and of course that means that I—or rather Hilton—must have been here within the last day or two. It isn't likely that Lady Sara has brought any of her old servants, who may have known Hilton, to Cavendish Square. So I've been here since my return from Africa." He smiled a little at his astuteness.

He looked about him and realised that he was in the boudoir of a luxury-loving woman of fashion. The atmosphere was heavy and languorous; he inhaled the same subtle odour which was given out by the letter he had received that morning. The scent was elusive and enervating—he could not tell whence it came. There were clusters of mauve and yellow orchids in quaintly fashioned bowls and vases, but these flowers had no perfume; George assured himself of the fact by smelling the blooms. "I don't like orchids," he muttered, "but they seem to harmonise with the room."

He was right, for the general tone of Lady Sara's boudoir was bizarre and exotic. The pervading hue was yellow. The walls looked as if they were panelled with rich orange satin, and the ceiling was painted to represent an effect of warm sunlight upon a pool wherein nymphs and dryads sported. The carpet was so soft and thick that the feet sank into it. There was a great tawny tiger skin, with head intact,

stretched out before the fireplace. George found himself staring into the tiger's eyes without knowing it—they seemed to fascinate him strangely.

There were no pictures, but their place was taken by mirrors of quaint design so placed that they reflected each other as well as the curiously shaped electric light pendants, which were of burnished copper, no two exactly of the same design. One, George noticed, was circled by a snake, another by a winged dragon. Two or three of these lights, yellow shaded, were burning, for the blind was closely drawn and the curtains, of fine tapestry, draped the window with heavy folds. There were many low couches all heaped with cushions, most of which were brocaded with quaint arabesque figures.

George had a curious feeling that he would know exactly what Lady Sara was like. Perhaps the room was indicative of its owner. He thought it must have been so, since, when at last she came, he felt actually as if he had known her for years, known the great black eyes that had such languishing depths in them and which yet could glitter with fierce passion; known the rich velvety softness of her skin, skin that was unlike that of an Englishwoman, so dark and sun-kissed it was; known, too, the deep, full tone of her voice. It was very curious and inexplicable, for he knew, too, that he was standing now for the first time in the presence of Lady Sara Gervaise.

She may have been some twenty-eight or nine, but she was one of those women whose age it was very difficult to estimate. She had a wealth of black hair that was not dressed according to the fashion of the day—for Lady Sara always professed to despise fashion and the conventions—but which was allowed to hang low upon her neck, the neck which was exposed by the loose negligé she wore, a rich gown, the blackness of which was not relieved by the smallest trace of jewellery.

She came to him with both hands extended. Her eyes flashed upon him and he could read some subtle meaning in them. Suddenly, and without knowing why, he felt afraid.

He took her hands in both of his, since she seemed to wish it so, then he dropped them. "I am sorry," he began.

"Conventional phrases from you? That is hardly reasonable, George," she interrupted. "Why should you be sorry? Because my husband is dead? Or because I've been left a widow?"

"I am sorry," he said gravely, "that you should have had any sorrow. And this terrible accident—"

She laughed softly and musically. "Of course it was an accident," she said. "It is just as well to accustom ourselves to the phrase. But between you and me, George—"

—she paused meaningly.

"You sent for me," he began. "Will you tell me what I can do for you?"

She stared at him now as if she failed to understand his attitude. "Why I have sent for you?" she cried. "Great Heavens, can you ask such a question? Is there not something to be spoken between us?" Her calm broke down, and a long shudder convulsed her frame. "I'm a woman," she went on in a tense whisper, "and alone. I've had to bear it all alone. Think of it—the police, the newspaper reporters, the sympathetic friends. Sympathy—how I loathe the word! And there's worse to come—the inquest to-morrow. No one doubts that the death was accidental. I've lied—how I've lied! And I've the strength to lie again. But you must stand by me, George."

"What do you mean?" he asked. He had paled to his lips.

She swayed towards him. He seized her wrist, gripping it so tightly that she uttered a low cry. "What do you mean?" he repeated.

"Can you pretend to forget?" she panted. "We killed him!"

The man's hands fell to his sides. The horror, the wholly unexpected horror, of the revelation gripped him and rendered him speechless. His lips fashioned, rather than spoke, the word "Murder!"

## CHAPTER SEVEN.

### For Another Man's Love.

SIR ARTHUR GERVAISE had been murdered, and now this woman—his wife—was calmly avowing the fact. Could she be human? George stood speechless, all the horror, the unspeakable horror, he felt clearly depicted upon his face. She was very close to him, her breath fanned his cheek, the subtle and intoxicating perfume which came from her hair mounted to his nostrils; he felt as if she were some enchantress of old time, beautiful but evil, seeking to snare him into her toils.

"Lady Sara," he said hoarsely, then remembering that she would expect him to address her by her Christian name—"Sara," he repeated, "I must understand this clearly, I am in the dark. You say that your husband did not die by accident—you say we killed him, you and I"—he lowered his voice to a tense whisper—"do you mean that we are guilty of murder?"

She laughed outright, soft, musical laughter. "I took you for a strong man, George," she exclaimed. "It was for your strength that I always admired you. But you're white as a ghost, my poor friend. Have I not told you that there's nothing to fear? No one knows the truth—or will know—save you and I."

George drew a long, deep breath. He thought for the moment that his heart would cease to beat. He clenched his fists so that his nails tore the skin. Into what maelstrom of unfathomable depth had he plunged?

"Why do you look so terrified?" she asked. "It's just as if I were telling you a new thing. But surely you cannot have forgotten what happened yesterday?"

How could he know, he who believed that he was now looking upon Lady Sara Gervaise for the first time in his life? What burden had he taken upon his shoulders now that it was too late to draw back?

Too late? Yes, it was too late. How could he avow to this woman that George Hilton was dead and that he himself was a mere adventurer? She would not believe him—she would think he had taken leave of his senses. He must persist to the end, whatever that end might be. After all, he knew himself guiltless of murder—there was comfort in that.

But it was necessary to speak, to excuse himself for his apparent forgetfulness; necessary, too, that he should learn all that there was to be told. His natural shrewdness came to his aid.

"You must tell me what happened," he said, speaking as calmly as he could. "My memory is blurred. I met with an accident yesterday morning. It—it must have been very soon after I left this house. I was knocked down in the street and hurt my head. It made me forget things."

She was all solicitude at once. She made him sit down on one of the soft, low chairs while she extended herself at full length on a couch close beside him, nestling her dark head against the yellow cushions. She pressed him with questions as to how the accident had happened and if it were not more serious than he represented it to be. "You were excited and unnerved," she said. "It was only natural that you should be—after what had happened. That's how you met with the accident. But to think that it made you forget!"

"It has driven everything out of my head," he confessed. "At least things are vague to my mind. I don't know how your husband died—you must tell me."

Even as he spoke he was struggling to piece things together in his mind. He knew now why George Hilton had wished to take his own life. It was in consequence of the tragedy, whatever it may have been, that had been enacted that morning in the Cavendish Square house. Hilton had returned straight to his rooms and had written the letter which had fallen into George's hands. Hilton knew that he had killed, and remorse had seized upon him.

George moistened his dry lips and put the question the answer to which he dreaded to hear. "You say we killed your husband," he faltered. "Tell me, Sara, who struck the blow?"

She shrugged her shoulders with one of the foreign gestures that she affected. "There was no blow," she said softly; "it was such a little thing—just a scratch on the wrist. There was nothing rough or vulgar about it, no brutality. But the knife was poisoned—"

"I know—I have read," he interrupted. "The papers all said it was an accident. Who used the knife?" He spoke now with a certain strength. The first effects of the great shock he had received were passing off and he was regaining something of his self-composure. His own hands were not stained with blood.

"Who should have done so but you—the man?" she asked. She had turned a little so that she was directly facing him. One of her arms was folded behind her head, and even at that terrible moment, when an accusation of murder was flung at him, George could not help noticing the exquisite shape, as well as the rich, warm colouring of the arm, exposed as it was by the falling back—perhaps not unintentional—of the sleeve of the woman's negligé.

"Then why do you accuse yourself as well?" demanded George. "Why did you say that we had killed him—you and I?"

"Ah, my friend"—she smiled, her full red lips parting over her white teeth—"that is because I do not wish you to take all the blame upon yourself. What you did was for love of me and because you knew that I, too, was unhappy, that I regretted—oh, how bitterly!—having sent you away from me in the past, and joined my life to that of a man for whom I had no love—no love at all. I had told you as much myself, not more than half an hour before. And then, George, I showed you the knife where it lay upon the desk. I put the idea of killing into your head. That's why I say that I am as guilty as you. But what does it matter? Why should you blame yourself since I do not blame?"

He was silent. He glanced at her as she lay there, lithe and feline, stretched out languorously on the divan, her head resting against her arm and the soft yellow cushion. How the black of her hair and her dress showed up against the yellow. From the woman he turned his eyes to the tiger's head that lowered at him from the floor.

"Why did we ever quarrel, George?" she sighed. She half closed her eyes, and George could see how wonderfully long and black her lashes were. "Wasn't it foolish of us? If we hadn't quarrelled none of these troubles would ever have happened. I suppose it was all my fault, but you might have been kinder, you might have made allowances for me. I know it was I who broke off our engagement three years ago, but it was only because I was foolishly jealous—jealous of a little chit of a child hardly out of the nursery, whom you couldn't have cared for really."

"A girl of sixteen, a little bread-and-butter miss, who had made a hero of you because you saved her father's life—yes, George, I was jealous of that child, and I have regretted my folly ever since. If you had only come to me and said that it was all a mistake! But you didn't; I believed that you had ceased to love me, that perhaps you never really did love me in the way I understand love, and so I let you go. There was laughter on my lips though there were tears in my heart. You went to Africa, George, and I—I married Sir Arthur Gervaise. For what did I care to whom I gave myself when I had lost you?"

George made no attempt to interrupt her, for she was telling him so much of what he wanted to know, telling it him without the necessity for any compromising questions on his part.

"I know you cared, George," she went on, "though you were too proud to answer the letters I wrote you, or at least to answer them in the same spirit in which they were written. But I never doubted for a moment that you loved me, just as you had loved in the past, and I wanted you to forgive—oh, how I wanted you to forgive! Sir Arthur was very kind to me, and I went about in society a great deal and pretended to be happy."

"But I knew all the time how people whispered, how they said that I still loved you, and that I had only married out of pique. I don't know if Sir Arthur ever heard these whispers—I used to think he didn't, for his manner towards me never changed, but now I think he must have known—I think he must have known and have suffered too."

"And yet, now that he is dead, you can laugh!" George could not restrain the exclamation. It all seemed so unutterably horrible. This woman, by her own showing, had met with nothing but kindness from the man who had made her his wife, the man who even now lay cold and dead upstairs. Yet she could make the free avowal that her conduct had been

the means of his death, that she had instigated to murder—made the avowal with a laugh upon her lips. Had she no pity, no sense of humanity? Surely the woman was not human, surely that beautiful body of hers could harbour no soul.

She seemed to read his thoughts. "Why should I weep?" she asked. "Weep for the man who never had my love? Don't you know me better than that, George? I can weep, yes, but when I do the tears must come from my heart."

She spoke fiercely, lifting herself up a little upon her elbow. "My tears can't flow to order. Don't forget that I've got Southern blood in my veins. My father may have been an Englishman, but my mother was Spanish—you know it: she came from South America, where everything is different from what you are accustomed to in this cold, conventional England of yours. I was born out there and I got the sun into my veins. That's why you mustn't judge me by the ordinary standards of your society. You knew all this when you taught me to love you, George, and I felt that you, who were at home in the great forest of Africa and among savage men and savage animals—I always thought that you understood me better than anyone else."

Her head dropped back upon the cushion. "Poor Sir Arthur!" she said with a sigh, which was evidently more than half forced. "Of course I am sorry for him—sorry that he made such a mistake as to marry a woman like me."

"And of course I shall do everything that is quite right and proper," she went on, pouting her full red lips a little. "I shall wear my widow's weeds with becoming respect to the dead. I shall respond most seemingly when I am sympathised with. I shall give up theatres and parties and do all that I ought to do for the conventional year of mourning. Oh, you needn't be afraid of that, George. I shall go abroad for a little while too. My mother is in Spain—she is very ill and wants me. I have decided to go there as soon"—she shuddered and dropped the mocking tone in which she had been speaking for one of disgust—"as soon as all this horrible business is over—the inquest and the hateful publicity."

His heart leapt within him as she spoke the words. She was going away. This scene, terribly painful as it was, would be the last between them, at any rate the last for a considerable time to come. And what might not happen in the meantime? Surely he could devise some means for putting an end altogether to an intolerable situation? Hilton had failed to see any escape—he had gone out to kill himself—but then no doubt he was conscience-stricken as well; his hands were blood-stained, though it might well be that he had never meant to kill. Was it even thinkable that he should have killed a man intentionally—his own friend—at the bidding of such a woman as Lady Sara?

George felt that he was of different mould from the unhappy explorer. Also there was no reason why he should blame himself for transgressions of which he was wholly innocent. Let him be a murderer in the eyes of Lady Sara Gervaise—what did it matter, after all? He knew that his hands were clean of the offence.

Could Hilton have really loved this beautiful wild creature, whose every movement was suggestive of the tigress? That George could not say, but, looking at Lady Sara, he made a guess at the probable truth. The love-making had been all upon her side or, if Hilton had responded at all, he had wished to disentangle himself when he came to know the true nature of the woman. There had been some sort of engagement between them, and he had taken the opportunity afforded him by her wild jealousy over his fondness for sweet, gentle little Peggy Marston—what a contrast between the two women!—to break off all relations with Lady Sara, and to make good his escape from the country.

Of course, it was plain enough to George that he was not seeing Lady Sara as others saw her. She was a popular woman in society, sought after and admired by all. He had heard her spoken of by people he had met at Hurlingham in terms of affection and sympathy. She was a perfect hostess, it appeared, and before her marriage she had devoted her life to her mother, who was a chronic invalid.

George was glad that he had seen her so, glad, too, that he had already learnt to love another woman. For Lady Sara's beauty was intoxicating; given more conventional circumstances, given the possibility that she was laying herself out to charm, he could understand that she must be irresistible, that few men could hold out against her fascination.

"You came back to England, George," she went on, after a few moments' pause, during which she helped herself to some dainty sweetmeat from a bonbonnière on a little Moorish table by her side, "and you came back a famous man. How glad I was, for, oh, if you knew what my life had been, how I hated the fetters that bound me, and how I longed for freedom! I was sure you loved me still, even though you had given no sign. My husband was your old friend, and you English are honourable men. But I knew that I could win you, George"—she turned towards him, her eyes glittering, and a wonderful smile upon her lips—"that I have won you, for now there is no longer any barrier between us." There was appeal in her eyes, and she stretched out her bare arm towards him. But George sat sternly erect—waiting to hear all.

"You spoke just as I expected you would speak," she said, "just as any gentleman in your position would have spoken. You reminded me of my duty as a wife." She laughed her musical laugh. "You pointed out that Sir Arthur was your friend, and that, while he lived—while he lived, mark you!—you could be nothing more to me than a friend."

"And yet all the while I could read through your eyes to your very soul. I knew you cared—I knew my power, too. Whatever I asked you to do you would obey me in the end, even if it were that you should take me away from stupid England to some palm-grown island in the Southern seas, where there would be no one to mock at us and throw stones. And so, George, I told you what you already knew, that I loved you still and had never loved any man but you. And then—"—she paused.

"Yes, and then?" George knew what was coming, knew it instinctively.

(Continued at foot of next page.)

# My Search for Gold in Vigo Bay

By Dr. CARLO LORENZO  
IBERTI.

(Dr. Carlo Iberti, an Italian—known in his own country as an author and man of affairs—is the leading spirit of the recently formed Sea-Salvage Company, Ltd. A great deal has been heard of late of this enterprise. The company exists to recover some of the £10,000,000 worth of ships and cargoes lost every year on the British coasts, and, incidentally, to recover the treasure of £24,000,000 lying at the bottom of Vigo Bay. Now, for the first time in any paper, Dr. Iberti himself tells in "P. W." the story of his life's work.)

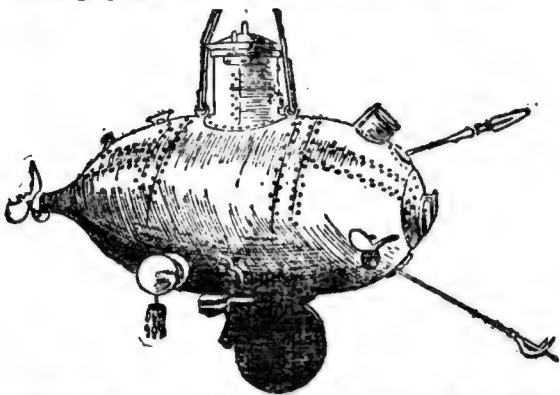
For the past six or seven years I have been at work in six or seven European countries with a single aim: the aim of proving conclusively that an immense treasure in gold and silver of at least £24,000,000 in value lies at the bottom of Vigo Bay.

There is no original document in any language relating to the Battle of Vigo which I have not studied; it will not, I hope, be thought a boast if I remark that probably no living person has studied the history of Vigo more thoroughly than myself.

I have had good cause to look carefully into the matter, for I not only hope, but am as sure as a man may be in this world, that I have in my hands the key to the recovery of the treasure.

Well do I remember the first time when I heard of Vigo. I was a little boy in an Italian school; before me stood my master, tall and lean, with so austere a face and manner that he looked like a monk; only the gentle expression of his eyes showed that before all he was a loving father. And he told us how seventeen Spanish galleons, coming home from the West Indies in the year 1702, with cargoes of gold and silver and precious merchandise, had taken refuge in the quiet waters of the Rande, where some twenty French battleships covered their flight.

He told us how an allied Anglo-Dutch fleet had fallen on the treasure ships, how the Spanish Admiral gave the word, "Sink the Ships"; and how forty good ships were given as prey to the waves, rather than that they should be the prey of their enemies.

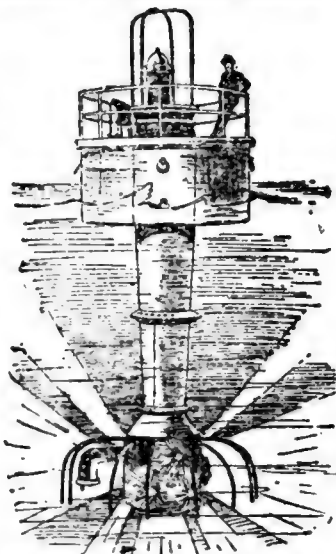


The Pino working submarine boat filled with mechanical arms, which has been very successfully used in salvage operations.

He told us the whole story of the Spanish War of Succession; and I soon forgot it all. Nearly twenty years were to pass before I was to think seriously of it again. Then, in the September of 1903, I, returning home from Continental travels, happened to meet at Genoa a friend, Cavaliere Giuseppe Pino, famous for his wonderful invention of a working submarine-boat. From his lips I heard again the story of the historic treasure of Vigo, and I learnt that he had conceived the bold design of recover-

ing it, and had determined that I was the man to help him in the colossal enterprise.

In a few days I was speeding towards Madrid to obtain a permit to search for the treasure from the Spanish Government. Valuable friends awaited me at every step: Cabinet Ministers, Under-Secretaries of State, Members of Parliament, Generals and Admirals all took



Hydroscope or sea telescope, used for locating sunken treasure.

the deepest interest in our enterprise.

Not a day passed but I assaulted a library, a museum, or a record office to obtain some precious documents with which to silence all doubts about the existence of the treasure.

In three months my negotiations with the Government of His Majesty Alfonso XIII. brought me a Royal Decree, sanctioned by the Council of Ministers, and bearing the signature of his Excellency, General Don Jose Ferrandiz. As it now reads, this Decree gives me the sole right to explore

Vigo Bay for treasure until the year 1915.

This was the beginning of a campaign directed against the Vigo treasure which has not ceased from that day to this. I, for my part, began a tour of all European and Colonial libraries and record offices, travelling from country to country, from archive to archive, studying, copying, and acquiring all documents relating to Vigo, and finding out every existing proof, so as to be able to say the last word on the subject.

My friend, Cav. Pino, for his part, set about perfecting new sea-salvage instruments, specially designed for dealing with the Vigo problem. For several years he was engaged on designing and building a new form of submarine-boat and an instrument known as the hydroscope, a wonderful sort of sea-telescope, with various wreck-raising machines, elevators, and pyro-pontoons.

At last the day came when all was ready for experiments in Vigo Bay. We installed our machinery on a fine yacht, the *San Clemente*, and set out to make all preliminary observations for a grand assault on the treasure.

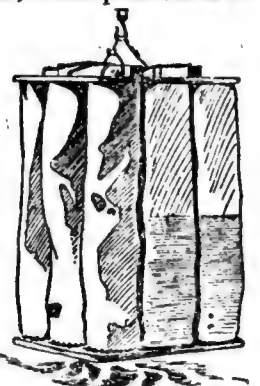
The people of Vigo, the newspapers, and the political and municipal authorities followed our experiments with the utmost interest, and gave us every support; while the Government assisted the work with one of the finest of its torpedo destroyers, the *Auda*.

I had come to the conclusion that previous treasure-searching parties had sought in the wrong places for the galleons, owing to mistakes which I had discovered on ancient maps; and this conclusion was justified. With the aid of the hydroscope, we found the treasure-ships, and in some cases they lay where they had never been searched for before; we found their names and dimensions, prospected the sea-bed, studied the sea-currents, and measured their force. By way of experiment, various

objects, such as cannons, were raised to the surface, and a quantity of wood was recovered, so well preserved as to resemble stone.

The rest of the work we had to leave in order that we might perfect our machinery. New apparatus has since been designed by Cav. Pino, while I have carried still farther my study of Vigo's history. Having finally settled all our plans, we set about forming a powerful company to put them into operation; and this work has now been crowned by the successful flotation of the Sea-Salvage Company, Ltd., which has taken over all our rights and inventions, and will shortly be at work at Vigo.

A word about the existence of the treasure. I have proved conclusively, from official and private documents, that the riches that arrived in Vigo in 1702 amounted to 126,470,600 pieces of eight, or £27,493,609—without reckoning a merchandise of equal value. A small part of the treasure, belonging to the King, was landed before the battle, officially reckoned at £2,081,416, as proved by Royal Decrees and official receipts. Merchandise of great value was taken as booty by the conquerors, but in gold and silver they secured less than half-a-million pounds. Small sums have been recovered by explorers from time to time from the sunken galleons, amount-



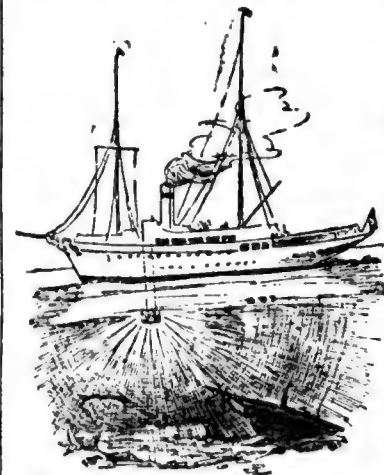
An elevator which, when attached to sunken treasure, is filled with compressed air and thus brought with its burden to the surface.

ing in value to £326,087.

There is not the least doubt that the treasure in gold and silver still lying in the galleons of Vigo Bay amounts to not less than 113,396,085 pieces of eight, or £24,651,323. That would have been the value of the treasure 200 years ago.

Such is the sum which we who are interested in the recovery of the treasure have set our hearts on winning from the sea.

Yet we regard the Vigo Bay treasure-hunt as a small and incidental part of our enterprise. Our chief work will be to recover wrecks lost around the British Coasts, for it is the astounding fact that ships and cargoes worth £10,000,000 are lost every year on these shores, and that hitherto Great Britain has possessed no efficient salvage organisation.



This picture shows an adaption of the Hydroscope fitted to a vessel. When the ship is running, as above, it only protrudes, a little way, so as to enable the vessel's captain to sight the keel of his ship and any dangers from his bridge.

## IN STRANGE SHOES (continued from page 1012).

"Why should I tell you all this?" she asked. "Why should we be compelled to act the same scene all over again?" Her voice was becoming petulant. "You know, you must remember all that happened."

"Your husband came in and surprised us together. He heard what had passed between us?" George did not hesitate to speak the words; he knew that his guess was true.

She nodded. "Yes, it was the best thing, after all, for us. It has given me my freedom. You know how he behaved—he was a gentleman, too. He would make no scene before me, even though he had just heard me cry out passionately that I desired his death. He asked you to talk with him in his study. The study is separated off from the other rooms of the house—no one saw you go. But I followed and I listened for a little while at the door. I wonder if you could have lied so glibly if you had known?" She lifted a mocking face to his.

"I lied?"

"Yes, you did it very well—only, of course, I knew. You vowed that he was mistaken, that you did not love me. You told him he had nothing to fear from you, that you would go abroad again and make your home in Africa. But he did not believe you. He thought that you had returned to England to assuage his honour. You were two men alone—till I burst in. I could not bear to hear you say you did not love me. I cried out that you did—you did. I lost control of myself. I said that I had only married Sir Arthur out of pique."

"And he did not strike you?" George had risen from his chair. Wrath glowed in his eyes. He had to bite his lip to keep back the words he longed to utter.

"I think he would have. He came towards me and I sped

away to the door. I'm only a woman. I was frightened. But I saw the knife lying there on the table—it was one that you yourself had given my husband; you sent it with other things from Africa for an analysis of the poison; I saw it and pushed it into your hand. You took it up; you looked at it, at me, and at him. You were ghastly white. He was standing by the desk, his hands stretched out, and then—"

"Yes—and then?"

"I did not see the blow—I'm telling you the truth, George. I could lie if I wished all the blame to fall on you. I need not have admitted that I showed you the knife. I ran from the room."

"And after that?" He spoke quite calmly, holding himself in restraint.

"I heard you leave the house. I called to you, but you did not hear. The butler let you out—he thought you had come straight down from my boudoir. Sir Arthur never used to see visitors in the morning. He is never disturbed when he is in his study."

"When was the discovery made—that Sir Arthur was hurt?"

"Not for quite an hour later. Ansell—that's the butler—answered the study bell. Sir Arthur was sitting there by the desk. 'I've cut my wrist,' he said. 'It may be a serious matter. Will you send at once for Mr. Clive Mayhew? It was an accident and I did it myself.' You see he took all the responsibility upon himself—that's how it is we are safe, George, you and I."

She paused. She was sitting erect on the couch now. She was showing some emotion, but this, so George told himself, was due to the recollection of a terrible scene. Her lips quivered and she pressed her hands to her heart.

"I went to him," she continued, "and he tried to speak to me, but he could not. The poison must have had some paralyzing effect. It was pitiful to see his efforts to speak.

He never really lost consciousness till quite the end. I had to sit by his bedside and he stretched out his hand and held mine. It was ghastly. I shall never forget what I went through."

A long shudder ran through her frame. She rose from the sofa and stepped across the room to one of the ornate mirrors. She lifted her hands to her ruffled hair.

"I've been making myself look quite a guy," she exclaimed petulantly, "and all because you've been forcing me into these details, George. Couldn't you have left matters as they are? Couldn't you have been content to know that we ran no danger at all? Why, you won't even be called upon to attend the inquest. It will only be a formal affair, with a verdict of accidental death at the end of it. I wanted you to comfort me. That's why I sent for you."

She turned sharply from the mirror and faced him. "Has all this upset and worry made me look ugly? You haven't said a single kind word to me yet," she said. "Am I so different from what I used to be before you went to Africa? Have three years made any change in me?"

"You are as beautiful as ever you were," he said gravely. Bitter words of scorn were on his tongue, but he dared not speak them. Whatever his feelings might be it could serve no purpose to make an enemy of this woman.

"People tell me I am more beautiful," she said, lifting her white arms so that they framed her head, glancing at herself in the glass as she did so. The pose suited her to perfection. She was like some sculptured nymph of old, or George could have imagined her as an Eastern snake-charmer, her body incircled by that of the snake. "I've had hosts of admirers, George, and they will all come trooping round me now that I'm a widow. But there's not one out of the whole lot that I care a snap of my fingers for, not one." She paused a moment as if expecting a reply, but he was silent.

(Another long instalment next week).



# Conkerway's "Corner".

A Story of Some Deals in Water. By OLIVER MERLAND.



"How pleasant to be able to do a thing like that!" murmured Conkerway.

He murmured it so softly and nicely that any stranger would have at once jumped to the conclusion that he was alluding to something kind and good. The same hypothetical stranger, taking his first look at Conkerway, would probably have taken it for granted that he was a man whose chief, if not sole, object in life was to make the existence of his fellow-creatures bright and happy.

He was a fat man, with a squat figure, a slow, hardly-ever-fading smile, and small eyes which twinkled like black beads. If he had shut his eyes very close, his expression would have been that of a man who was not only ignorant of the world's wicked ways, but was strenuously resolved never to be introduced to them.

But his eyes spoiled the otherwise beautiful effect. They could on occasion concentrate in their depths an amount of greed and cunning which was quite surprising when regard was had to their limited dimensions.

He was one of the most prominent citizens of Verbania, which had started its career by being a mining camp in Victoria.

It was not a big place, exactly, but it had not done at all badly. It boasted a newspaper and two political clubs; also it possessed Conkerway.

He had appeared in the town in its original mining-camp days, with his best smile and his nicest expression, and with his eyes half shut so that they betrayed nothing. He had explained that the sun bothered him rather.

He had not worked for gold with a pick and shovel, but he had acquired it all the same. He was a lawyer, and the miners had been called on to pay stiffly for his advice touching their numerous disputes. When not devoting himself to the law, he had dabbled in science and chemistry.

He had remained in the town because all his property was there, and he had hoped that as the place grew, as it was sure to do when the railway touched it, there would be more scope for his abilities. In the meantime, however, he had pined in secret while smiling bravely before the world.

On the evening when he made the remark already set on record, he was sitting alone, reading a week-old Melbourne paper. The sheet was spread out on the table before him, and his stumpy finger was going down a particular column, as if to squeeze all possible information out of it.

Nothing pleased Conkerway more than to read about financiers who had enriched themselves at the expense of other people. He yearned to emulate them, while keeping strictly within the letter of the law, of course.

Now he had come across a literary feast after his own heart. He was reading about an enterprising gentleman in the United States who had manipulated a "corner" in wheat, and thereby accumulated millions of dollars.

"Corners are beautiful!" murmured Conkerway as he read. "Also perfectly legal."

He had been so interested in the newspaper that he had failed to hear the door open, or to notice the entrance of 'Lizabeth. It was somewhat remarkable, for 'Lizabeth's footsteps were of the ponderous order. She was a big, heavy, stolid woman, with a red face, and her mouse-coloured hair bunched up in a sort of wisp on the top of her head.

'Lizabeth had been a cook in England. She had heard of the fortunes being dug out of the virgin soil in Australia, and—encouraged by a fortune-teller, who must have been out of training at the time—had indulged in romantic visions of entering the service of a digger millionaire and making him so happy by her culinary skill that he would make her his bride rather than lose her.

Lured on by this mirage, she had speculated the bulk of her savings in her passage out. Fortune had not smiled on her. How she had found her way to Verbania was a mystery, but it was certain that she had arrived in a destitute condition. Conkerway had taken her in.

He paid her a very small salary and insisted on having full value for his money in the way of hard work.

"I've come to tell you," said 'Lizabeth, "that the water supply of the town 'as all gone wrong. It's poisoned, and everybody's going to die in lingerin' agony."

'Lizabeth had brought back the startling information first-hand from the town. Conkerway went out to investigate for himself. He found Verbania in a state of incipient panic.

The people depended for their water supply on a spring near the town. For some time past the water had been suspected of a brackish taste, and now it had abruptly assumed a brown tint. Two citizens had been taken ill. They had given lurid descriptions of poisonous symptoms. The rest of the people had become frightened.

Conkerway's perusal of the chemical and scientific works

was a matter of public knowledge, thanks to 'Lizabeth. A sample of the suspected water was submitted to him by a deputation. He received it solemnly, and promised to report within an hour. He smiled sympathetically on the deputation.

He took the sample home with him. It was dark when he reached home, but he did a rather peculiar thing. Taking a lantern, he went out into his garden. In the centre of this was a deep well. It had been sunk by the first diggers, and abandoned because the water from the spring was considered more salubrious.

Whatever happened to the town, Conkerway had an independent and unlimited supply of water.

He smiled down the well and his small eyes glittered.

The deputation were so anxious that they called for the expert scientific opinion before the hour was up. They found Conkerway examining the sample with a gravity in comparison with which the ordinary solemnity of an undertaker would have been frivolous gaiety. His smile had disappeared.

He shook his head mournfully.

"I am very reluctant, gentlemen, to say or do anything to increase public anxiety," he said. "But my duty as a citizen must be done. There is no doubt, unfortunately, that if this sample is anything to go by, the spring is absolutely full of carbonic acid gas, minute bacteria, and nitrate!"

The deputation turned pale and gasped. They were all honest, heavy men, who were all the more deeply impressed by the scientific words because they did not understand their meaning. They accepted what Conkerway said, and dispersed to spread new terror through the town.

The spokesman remained behind for a parting word.

"It's terrible, terrible!" he said. "But perhaps no fatal mischief has been done as yet, and if we are all very careful, a tragedy may be avoided. The spring must be shunned. But the town has your well to fall back on. It is most fortunate!"

The spokesman was the local grocer. His name was Meggs, and he was a small, rabbit-like man. He thought that Conkerway's smile was the most heavenly thing he had ever seen.

Conkerway didn't go to bed that night. He sat up, studying in the newspaper how the American genius had engineered his "corner" from start to finish. He began to feel himself an expert in the art.

Very early next morning Conkerway went round for Mr. Tacker, the town carpenter. He was so early, indeed, that he had to knock him up. He explained that he wanted a strong, high palisade run up round his well, good enough to keep off thieves and other evildoers, and fitted with a door and a big padlock.

"Mr. Conkerway, sir," observed Tacker with emotion, "I beg your pardon. I have, I confess, thought you a near man; but now I see you are a patriot. A man," said Tacker, wiping his eyes, "who's willing to put himself to expense to protect the only water-supply left to his town, inspires me with such feelings towards him that I'd do his work for him half-price, if I could afford to."

The palisade was a first-class bit of work. Tacker and his men did their best with it. As the carpenter observed, it would have done for a barricade to keep back a raging mob.

As Conkerway was contemplating the finishing touches of the palisade, Jenkins came up with a pail in each hand. He was Conkerway's nearest neighbour and kept the butcher's shop.

"I should like to fill these at your well, Conkerway, if you please," he said.

"I'll do it," Conkerway said.

He took the pails inside the palisade, filled them from the well bucket, and came back with them. Jenkins thanked him civilly, but his jaw dropped when Conkerway said:

"Five shillings, please."

"Eh?" demanded the butcher.

Conkerway repeated the request with his usual smile. He pointed out that he held a special stock of the most valuable commodity in Verbania, and that it was his duty to himself not to dispose of it at a loss. But he didn't want to be extortionate. He ventured to consider that half a crown a pail was an exceedingly moderate price for wholesome water, which couldn't be obtained anywhere else for love or money within miles of the town.

Jenkins refused to pay. He kicked both his pails over, and departed with a forcible asseveration to the effect that he would perish of thirst rather than submit to be skinned alive by a fat shark.

But he must have changed his mind. At all events, he returned quite meekly within an hour, and paid for two pails of water.

The grocer paid, too, when he came. So did the rest of the people in their turns. They simply had to. There was grumbling and gnashing of teeth. Language filled the air which should have withered Conkerway. But he met it with a patient, uncomplaining smile.

The town was at his mercy. No water which the people dared drink could be obtained except from him and at his price.

For the remainder of that day he did a roaring trade. Himself, 'Lizabeth, and a hired boy were giving out water and taking in the money all the time, so to say.

Business slowed down in the evening, and 'Lizabeth went for a walk. She returned with news.

"They're goin' to 'old a town's meetin' to-night, an' discuss the situation," she announced. "They're sayin' as you 'aven't no right to take advantage of 'em, an'

they're goin' to put it to the vote whether they shall come and rush you out of the well."

"Such a proceeding would be quite illegal," said Conkerway.

"You can tell 'em that when they come," replied 'Lizabeth.

Conkerway was very tired after being up all the previous night. But he dared not go to sleep until he had seen what issue the town's meeting led to.

It was past midnight when a mob of citizens surrounded his house, or, rather, the palisade. As they were making a rush for the palisade gate, however, Conkerway put his head over the top.

"It is very kind of you to pay me this visit," he said, "and, of course, I'm pleased to see you all. But, perhaps, it may interest you to know that if you make any attack on my property I shall be compelled, purely in self-defence, to deprive the town of all water. It will be a simple matter for me to drop this into the well, and poisoned water will be useless, I apprehend."

He held up an ominous-looking paper packet, the open end of which revealed that it was full of white powder.

It was only caster sugar, but the crowd did not know that, and sullenly dispersed, leaving Conkerway the master of the field.

On the following day Conkerway raised his prices. The people were all forced to buy from him. It was a choice of either doing that or killing him, and they shrank from murder.

The first victims of the mysterious malady evinced no signs of speedy recovery. Instead, others were added to the list of sufferers. The one doctor in Verbania was a young man whose brother kept the only hotel. He prescribed whiskey neat as the sole remedy for the epidemic.

As the stock of this article in the town was strictly limited, however, and as Conkerway's well showed no indications of running dry, the "corner" was not seriously threatened. Conkerway began to see himself, in perspective, the possessor of all the available cash in the place.

But in its moment of greatest success, the "corner" was smashed. It was 'Lizabeth who smashed it.

That stolid person had disapproved of her employer's enterprise from the outset, although fear had caused her to sullenly acquiesce in it. Finally, however, her soul revolted.

She gave away water free to a family, the head of which, having exhausted all his funds, called to negotiate some of his spare garments for a supply from the well. As soon as Conkerway heard of this he dismissed his handmaiden.

She was in sore straits. The town eyed her coldly as an accomplice of the arch-enemy, and declined to believe that she had done with him. Driven to desperation, she decided on suicide.

"I'll drink a jugful from that there spring," she said. "It will be a cheap way of gettin' out of it."

This intention she carried into effect as the evening shadows were falling, and then she repaired to Conkerway's doorstep and sat down to die. She fully expected to pass away ere morning, but dawn found her very much alive. She was not suffering in the least, except for a remarkably keen desire for her breakfast.

Thereupon 'Lizabeth arose and went forth with the tidings.

"I don't believe that there spring is poisoned at all," she proclaimed. "It's my opinion that it's only muddied, an' that Mister Conkerway told you things so as you'd all be frightened an' let it alone."

Verbania was slow to believe, but the conviction that 'Lizabeth was right soaked into the public mind at last.

Conkerway anticipated assassination. But nothing happened to him for a day. Then he called on the baker for some bread.

The baker did not utter a word of recrimination or reproach. He simply took Conkerway's money and placed a can of brownish water on the counter.

"That's all I'm going to sell you for the future," he said.

Conkerway tried to argue the matter from a legal standpoint. But the baker would not listen. The manipulator of the late "corner" had to leave the shop without a supply of the staff of life.

His smile had half faded, but he pulled himself together and walked hopefully to the butcher's.

"A juicy steak would be very appetising for dinner."

Probably this would have been the case, had it been forthcoming, but the butcher refused to sell anything to Conkerway—except water. So did Meggs, the grocer; so did everybody else in Verbania, down to the green-grocer. The latter remarked that, for his part, he hesitated to supply even water, as he understood that potatoes were largely compounded of the fluid.

When Conkerway, as a last attempt, and summoning to his aid his best smile—or the best he had left in stock—entered the hotel and ordered lunch, the waiter solemnly brought him water—hot in a soup-tureen, lukewarm on a plate, and cold in a coffee-cup.

In brief, Verbania had entered into a solemn league and covenant to sell nothing to Conkerway except the commodity which, for a while, he had made so valuable.

He was in danger of starvation. It was impossible for him to arrange for a private supply of everything from the outside world. He stood it as long as nature would allow, but was finally compelled to dispose of his property at a heart-sickening sacrifice, and depart from the town.

It was 'Lizabeth who summed up the moral.

"'Corners,' said she, "is things as a man ought to be careful 'ow he 'andles."

A CIVILIAN  
VICTORIA CROSS.

**T**O judge by the reports in the daily papers, no little confusion exists regarding the Albert Medals that were recently presented by the King.

This is doubtless partly due to the fact that there are in existence two entirely separate and distinct kinds of decorations so named.

Founded by the Society of Arts.

The oldest of these is the gold Albert Medal, founded in 1802 by the Society of Arts, which is granted to men distinguished in science, literature, and so forth. It is probably the most jealously guarded, and therefore the most highly-prized, distinction of its kind in the world. Kings have coveted it in vain. Even our own Edward VII. did not get his until so recently as 1901.

The other Albert Medal, which may be described as a Victoria Cross for civilians, is an altogether different affair, and it is this that is usually meant when the decoration so called is ordinarily referred to.

It is granted for valour, and for valour only, no consideration whatever being paid to the social rank of the recipient. Instituted by Royal Warrant in 1866, it was intended at first that it should be awarded exclusively for gallantry in saving life at sea. But in 1877 a supplementary Royal Warrant was issued extending its scope so as to cover similar acts performed on land, with a view to its bestowal upon the rescuers in the terrible Pontypridd colliery disaster of that year.

Both Hand Chiselled.

There are, it may be mentioned, two grades of Albert Medals, the first-class, or highest, being in gold and dark blue enamel. The second-class is similarly enamelled, but bronze usurps the place of the rarer and more costly metal.

It is interesting to note, however, that both the gold and the bronze medals are hand chiselled, instead of being struck from a die as the Victoria Crosses are. A curious fact, too, is that their production has been in the hands of the same family ever since the decoration was first instituted, having been handed down from father to son.

TEACHER: "Johnny, what is a hypocrite?"  
Johnny: "A boy that comes to school with a smile on his face."

HORSE  
ANCIENT METHOD  
OF LOCOMOTION



## Horseless England

A National Crisis which is Fast Approaching.

that in the first year of a big war no fewer than 332,000 horses would be required, of which 180,000 would be riding horses.

But at the present time there are only about 150,000 horses in the country suitable for cavalry purposes, and the birth-rate is declining in an alarming manner.

If war were declared at the present time we could not attempt to mobilise the Regulars and the Territorials, because we have not the horses to mount the men and convey the transport.

At the present time many of our Army horses are being used three times over. That is to say, that horses belonging to 'bus companies and job-masters which are now registered by the War Office to be called up for service with the Regulars on mobilisation are also being used by the Yeomanry for their riding schools and their camps, and to a considerable extent by the infantry Territorials as well.

The same horse will very often attend camp with three different regiments in one year!

Every day suitable horses grow more impossible to obtain. As the demand for them for business and pleasure declines, so farmers cease to breed them, and in addition all the best mares in the country of a suitable type were sent out to the war in South Africa, few of them returning, and we are therefore breeding from inferior stock.

There is only one small gleam of satisfaction to the "horsy" man in the universal adoption of motor traction, and that is, strange to say, that it has given a tremendous fillip to horse riding for pleasure.

Possibly this may also be partly accounted for by the fact that large numbers of men who had never previously been astride a horse learnt to ride during the war, but it is also largely due to the fact that, with the adoption of the motor, people of means get far less exercise in other ways than they did formerly.

The consequence is that there has been a big "boom" in horse riding for pleasure, not only amongst those who can afford to keep a horse of their own, but amongst others who can only afford to hire a mount for a Saturday or Sunday afternoon's ride.

**I**N five years' time from now there will scarcely be a single horse left in England except the few animals which are kept for pleasure and the small tradesman's horse.

The 'bus horse and the cab horse are growing scarcer, not every year, but every month and every week, and in a very short time they will be practically extinct.

The extinction of the horse is due to the general adoption of the motor both for business and pleasure. Since the introduction of the motor-'bus and the electric tram the big omnibus companies have taken thousands of horses off the road, and they are getting rid of others in large quantities almost every day.

All the provincial horse-'bus companies are doing the same, and since the introduction of taxi-cabs the proprietors of hansoms and four-wheelers are following suit.

In two or three years' time the only remaining hansom cab will be in a museum.

It is quite useless for horse-'buses to attempt to continue on the road except on a few cross routes which are unfitted for motor traffic.

On the L.C.C.'s electric trams a passenger by a workman's car can travel from Catford to Victoria, a distance of sixteen miles, for a fare of twopence!

The extinction of the horse is a very serious problem from the military point of view, and what we should do in the event of another big war it is impossible to say.

In the South African War we had the horse-markets of the world to draw upon, but experts declare that we should never be able to do so in a big war again.

A War Office statement reveals the fact

QUEER FADS OF CON-  
DEMNED MURDERERS.

**S**CAR SLATER, who murdered Miss Gilchrist in her Glasgow flat, proved himself a typical dandy even in the condemned cell, and also a stickler for the proprieties. He insisted, for instance, from the very beginning, in being called "Mr." Slater, and each morning he changed his linen, varied his neckwear, and demanded polished boots.

Wanted His Clean Linen.

Similar exhibitions of strutting, peacock vanity are not uncommon on the part of men doomed to die on the gallows. Wainwright, on the day preceding his execution, absolutely refused to dress because his clean linen had not arrived from the laundry, and a new shirt and collar had to be bought for him. When the evening arrived—his last on earth—he craved a smoke. A pipe and tobacco were brought to him, but he rejected them with disdain. He would have a cigar. And he got it.

Lefroy, who murdered poor old Mr. Gold in a railway carriage on the way to Brighton, wore an evening dress suit during the whole of the period that elapsed between his condemnation and his execution. Also he was greatly upset at the refusal of the authorities to allow him to be hanged in a new silk hat presented to him in court.

Ordered His Own Dinner.

As a rule, however, the thoughts of the condemned turn mostly towards food. Rush, the Stansfield Hall murderer, was an educated man. "I want my slippers and the *Times*" were his first words on returning to gaol after his conviction. But a little later he called for pen and paper, and wrote out an order for his next day's dinner, "Pig and plenty of apple sauce."

In those days it was the custom to give capital convicts whatever they asked for in the way of food. But the rule was abolished soon afterwards, one of the first delinquents to come under the new regulations being a certain Jeffrey, who murdered his six-year-old child by hanging him in a cellar in Seven Dials. He was unaware of the alteration, and called for a roast duck directly he entered the condemned cell, and when it was refused him he behaved so violently that he had to be put in a strait-jacket.

## Gambling in Theatre Tickets.

How the "Libraries" Speculate on a "Run."

**T**HE remarkable success of the new musical play, *The Arcadians*, at the Shaftesbury Theatre has been followed by an extraordinary demand for seats; and recently a "deal" for no less than £12,000 worth of seats was concluded by the 'libraries' with Mr. Robert Courtneidge.

In the above words an announcement appeared recently in nearly all the daily papers, and people to whom the mysteries of "advanced bookings" are unknown have since been wondering what it all means, and how it is done.

For £12,000 means a clear £1,000 coming into the theatre every week for three months—no small boon to the anxious theatrical manager with a heavy rent to pay, and a company containing half a dozen high-salaried "stars."

Safeguarded from an Early Death.

The facts are really very simple. Nowadays you can insure almost anything—that is to say that, given a fair chance of a "run" for the money, you can nearly always find someone who will gamble on your chances of succeeding in whatever enterprise you choose to undertake.

The theatrical manager now endeavours to safeguard his new production from premature decease by what practically amounts to an insurance policy or guarantee from the "libraries" that his play will run for a certain number of weeks or months.

To the dress rehearsal—which nowadays practically amounts to a finished first performance—of every new production, the heads of the big libraries are invited by the management, the libraries, of course, being the big firms of concert and theatrical ticket agents, who are to be found in Bond Street, Sloane Street, the Strand, and other big West-end thoroughfares. The ones that matter—that can make or mar a play—can be easily counted on the fingers of one hand.

The heads of the libraries come and watch the dress rehearsal. They have to make up their minds during the performance whether the play is a good one and likely to appeal to the playgoing public, and if they come to the conclusion that it is so, they promptly make a "deal."

That is to say, they take so many pounds' worth of seats for as many weeks as they feel is justified by the merits of the performance. The usual amount subscribed in this way is from £5,000 to £7,000, and this is split up amongst the leading libraries present.

Needless to say, the libraries do not always bring off a coup. They are sometimes hard hit. The public pays them nothing for their enterprise. All they get is a commission of from 5 to 10 per cent. on the value of tickets from the theatrical managers.

They generally have to make their first deal before the first night Press notices appear. If the notices are bad, down comes the prospects of the piece with a rush, and with it the money which has been put up by the enterprising libraries.

Often Ruined by Bad Weather.

But this does not often happen, for the heads of the libraries are shrewd men, and they generally back nothing but practical certainties, such as a farce with Jimmy Welch in the "cast," or a George Edward's musical comedy.

What "hits" them more often, however, is the vagaries of the weather—for a prolonged spell of wet or cold or fog will often ruin even the most promising production.

Whilst from five to seven thousand pounds is the usual amount put up by the libraries on the first production of a play, larger sums, such as the £12,000 just subscribed for *The Arcadians*, are by no means uncommon in a successful season.

It must not be thought, however, that because a theatre has seats booked in advance there are not seats available. Even in the most popular plays a few seats can generally be obtained on the night of the performance.

## Great Forest Fires.

Outbreaks Caused by May's Dry Weather.

**T**HE spell of intensely dry weather in early May culminated in some of the worst forest fires ever known in England.

Thousands of acres of heather and pine in Surrey and Berkshire were reduced to blackened wastes, and it was only the exertions of large bodies of soldiers which saved Bramshill Park, the splendid old country seat of Sir Anthony Cope.

Though the greatest forest fires occur in North America and Australia, an English summer rarely passes without disastrous conflagrations.

A Fire that Affected Naturalists.

In August, 1901, a spark from a railway engine set fire to the gorse of a common near Burley, on the edge of the New Forest. Driven by a strong wind, three hundred acres were soon aflame, and every man in the countryside had to turn out in order to save the home of Lord Manners and the famous Bistern Covers.

From a naturalist's point of view, the most disastrous of English forest fires was that which, in the spring of 1904, destroyed the greater part of Wicken Fen. This famous Cambridgeshire fen was the haunt of many butterflies and moths which are rare or extinct in other parts of England. The fire was started by a carelessly-dropped wax-match, and nearly 130 acres of sedge were destroyed, while the damage to insect life was simply irreparable.

September is one of the worst months for forest fires in this country. It was in September, 1906, that the Malvern Hills were absolutely devastated by fire.

The hills were thickly covered with tall gorse, which the conservators have always done their best to protect. But the small sheep-owners who have the privilege of grazing their sheep on the hills have always objected to the gorse—which chokes out the grass.

It was these people who took the law into their own hands and set fire to the gorse.

The spectacle was a magnificent one. Great tongues of flames shot high into the air and lit up the country for miles around.

The firemen worked desperately, but the weather was so dry and the breeze so strong that there was no stopping the blaze, and the twin Beacons were reduced to wastes of ashes and blackened gorse-stumps.

But outbreaks like this are child's play compared with such a forest fire as the Miramichi disaster. In the Miramichi Valley of New Brunswick, 1825 was the driest year on record. There was no rain from July until November. One day in October—no one knows how—a fire started in the woods of the Upper Valley.

The men who first saw it and tried to stop it found it spreading so fiercely that they had to run for their lives. If they had not gained a small pond into which they plunged they would certainly have been burnt to death. A strong breeze sprang up, blowing towards the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the fire began to sweep down the valley at the incredible speed of nine miles an hour. Reaching the Miramichi river the flames swept across it as though it had been no more than a ditch.

Death-roll of 460.

The roar and crackle of the burning woods could be heard for more than three miles, and everyone in the valley fled for dear life.

To give some idea of the appalling heat, roots five feet deep in the ground were afterwards found to be black and charred.

The most awful forest fire of modern times was that which destroyed the town of Hinokly, in Minnesota. A spark from an engine set fire to a pile of dry leaves. A breeze scattered the smouldering ashes, and in a few moments the flames were roaring a hundred feet high.

The death-roll was 460. In Hinokly the remains of nearly 200 bodies were found. The forest for an area of 250 square miles was utterly destroyed, and the rails of steel, weighing sixty pounds to the yard, were twisted and in places actually melted by the terrific heat.

# £196 NOW AWARDED

For COUPLINGS,  
Including £60 this Week.

## RESULT OF COUPLINGS No. 3.

£60 is the amount available for distribution in Contest No. 3. To the sender of the Coupling selected as the best the first prize of £30 has been awarded; while a similar amount has been divided amongst those whose efforts come next in merit. Altogether £196 7s. has been awarded in these new contests, and we are hopeful that in the near future there will be large increases in the prize-money each week.

Another splendid contest is announced below, which everyone would be well-advised to enter. Not only does the competition provide you with an easy and excellent means of recreation, but it also affords you the opportunity of winning a handsome cash prize as well.

The Coupling selected as the best, together with the name and address of the sender, is as follows:

*I send the words, you send the money.*

**John Andrew, Verona Park Road, Ryde, Isle of Wight.**

Here are some other good Couplings sent in:

*I bit the face of the good-looking "sovereign."*

*Matters concerning a "brief" are mostly somewhat "long."*

*When you have nothing to say—say nothing.*

*Stout men fill a 'bus horse with gloom.*

*"A burglar," I gasped. "A lunatic," he muttered.*

*The lion looked pale—the Englishman was tough.*

For the list of winners of other prizes, see page iii. of the red cover.

## ALL ABOUT COUPLINGS.

In Couplings, all you are asked to do is to construct a sentence of eight words, by selecting four pairs of words, each pair from a different page, from the white pages of this issue. Here is an example that will show how easy it is to make Couplings.

First of all, glance through this copy of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, and select two consecutive words. You may select any two you like. Say, for example, you take the words, "Lord Chesterfield" (p. 1,007, col. 1, line 25). Write them down, and then turn to another page and select two more consecutive words. This time you might choose the words, "having read" (p. 1,011, col. 3, line 6). Having made note of these, you might, proceeding in the same way, select from other pages the words, "Jack's slang" (p. 1,020, col. 3, line 17), and

"stood speechless" (p. 1012, col. 1, line 76). You will now find that you have constructed the following sentence:

**Lord Chesterfield having read Jack's slang stood speechless.**

When you have completed your sentence, write it out on the entry form and send it on to us in accordance with the conditions published below.

In counting the lines you need not include headings, though, of course, pairs of words may be selected from these head-lines.

## RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. Words may only be taken from the white pages in this issue of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, and each pair of words must be chosen from a different page.
2. So long as the words appear consecutively—that is, one immediately after the other—it does not matter whether the second word is on the same line as the first word or on the following line.
3. No two words in any pair of selected consecutive words may be divided by a punctuation mark. For example: "mark. For" must not be used as consecutive words.
4. Couplings must consist of four pairs of words—that is to say, must contain eight words in all, no more, no fewer.
5. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form below, or they will be disqualified. If more than one attempt is made, each must be written on a separate entry form.
6. Every coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for sixpence, made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and crossed "& Co.," and the number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided. Where one Postal Order of a higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this Postal Order must be written on each entry form.
7. The envelope containing the coupon or coupons must be addressed to

the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must be marked "COUPLINGS No. 6" in the top left-hand corner.

8. Attempts must arrive not later than first post Thursday, June 10th.

9. Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) one half will be awarded to the competitor whose attempt is considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration, and the remaining half will be awarded in other prizes amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

10. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition, and telegrams will be ignored. The published decision is final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

| COUPLINGS, No. 6.                                                                                                |          |           | Postal Order No. .... |          |           |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|-----------|-----------------------|----------|-----------|
| Page.....                                                                                                        | Col..... | Line..... | Page.....             | Col..... | Line..... |
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| Page.....                                                                                                        | Col..... | Line..... | Page.....             | Col..... | Line..... |
|                                                                                                                  |          |           |                       |          |           |
| I undertake to abide by the conditions, and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding. |          |           |                       |          |           |
| Signed .....                                                                                                     |          |           |                       |          |           |
| Address .....                                                                                                    |          |           |                       |          |           |

## DEATH IN THE WATER-TAP.

### A Simple and Cheap Method of Purifying Drinking Water.

WHEN a person is taken ill the doctor is sent for. He examines the patient, decides what is the matter with him, and applies remedies which may or may not be successful. The doctor can tell you the name of the disease, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred neither he, nor the patient, nor anyone else, can trace the cause.

You may have an attack of scarlet fever, but you cannot with certainty say how you caught it. You may be seriously laid up with measles, but how the germ got into your system you utterly fail to understand. As a rule, most diseases are taken into the system with food or drink. The common beverage is, of course, water, and each glass of water contains hundreds of germs. The majority of these are comparatively harmless although they are not healthy. Occasionally one poisonous microbe will get into your tumbler of water, and in a few days you will be down with typhoid, or one of the many other water-borne diseases.

The various water companies throughout the Kingdom exercise all possible care in insuring the purity of their water at the sources, but that such precautions afford no safeguard to the users is shown by outbreaks of typhoid which occur frequently in various parts of the country.

### Gypsies Start an Outbreak.

A few years ago a party of gypsies camping out near Maidstone unconsciously polluted the source of the water supply, with the result that a fearful epidemic of typhoid broke out in the town, resulting in an appalling number of deaths. Another case was that of Lincoln City, where the inhabitants innocently took into their systems through the water the dreaded typhoid germ, with the result that nearly a hundred people died. Basingstoke and Ystrad, in the Rhondda Valley, were also recently visited by a similar scourge.

In all these cases the victims had innocently taken the typhoid germ into their systems through the water-tap. They did what you are probably doing at this moment—they thought that the water they had been drinking for years past without any ill-effect was not likely to contain any harmful germs. They had taken what they considered to be the necessary precautions by avoiding the drinking water in their cisterns, and using only that direct from the main, little thinking that, in the event of that water being contaminated at its source, they would not know the means of detecting the contamination until they were actually taken ill.

If water is pure it is the healthiest and most refreshing liquid with which to quench one's thirst. But if impure, it is doubly dangerous, for the impurities are invisible.

There is only one certain and convenient method of purifying drinking water, and that is by filtration at the tap. The water companies, by a process of filtering, extract most visible foreign bodies from the water, but their system does not go so far as to prevent the poisonous invisible germs from entering the mains.

It remains, therefore, for the householder to filter his own water. So far the drawback to this process has been the expense of the filter—especially those which are fitted to the water-tap.

This objection, however, we have overcome by arranging with Messrs. Doulton & Co., of the Royal Doulton Pottery, to supply us in a specially-designed form with their new germ-proof filters.

### Subjected to Severe Tests.

These filters, with others, have recently been subjected to the most severe tests known to modern science by the leading bacteriologists at the London Hospital, and the Doulton tubes have been clearly established in the reports published in the Journal of Hygiene to be the most effective of all, affording as they do a real safeguard against the invidious water-borne disease-germ.

Having regard to the prevalence of foreign-made filters on the market of more or less doubtful efficiency, it is a source of satisfaction to know that the Pearson Home Filter is produced solely by British labour, and we are able to guarantee each filter to be thoroughly tested before leaving the works.

This fact, combined with its cheapness, makes it absolutely essential for every householder to obtain one without delay. Particulars appear on the third page of the cover of this issue.

## WASN'T HAVING ANY.

A GENTLEMAN in a provincial town owns a row of houses, and in one of them lives a married son of his, who is noted for his miserly habits. This had got to such a pitch that for several years his father had been unable to get a single penny of the rent due to him.

As he did not want to take harsh measures, he at last went to his son and said, "Look here, Tom, it's plainly no use my trying to get any rent out of you for that house of mine, so I've decided to give it you."

"No fear," interposed the son, "I shan't have it."

"Why not, pray?" exclaimed the astonished parent.

"Because then," replied the unabashed son, "I'd have to pay th' rates and taxes; and, goodness knows, they are heavy enough in this town."

## WHIPPED FOR BEING HUNGRY.

UNTIL the recent trouble over the case of the aged beggar sentenced at the Middlesex Sessions to be whipped, there were probably not many people, outside the legal profession, who were aware that a man rendered himself liable to a flogging for simply asking alms.

Yet such has always been the law of England ever since the days of Bluff King Hal of monastery-suppressing and much-marrying memory. Even female beggars were whipped, and in public; nor was the practice discontinued until the year 1817, when it was abolished by statute.

Vagrants found, upon apprehension, to be suffering from smallpox—one of the commonest, as it was the most dreaded, of complaints in those pre-vaccination days—received a double dose. And it is noteworthy that all actors, or "strolling players," as they were then termed, were classed as vagrants on account of their profession, and, as such, were liable to be, and frequently were, whipped.

The whippings were mercilessly severe, too, in most instances, except where the sufferer was able to bribe the official whipper, when they frequently degenerated into a mere farce. Fourpence per flogging was the fee usually paid by the authorities to this individual, and for from two to seven shillings, paid in advance by the culprit, he would agree to so withhold his arm as to render its infliction a punishment in name only.

An ordinary cart-whip was at first the instrument of flagellation, then a newly-pulled willow-wand, and, lastly, a bundle of twigs tied together, whence our birch. It is for this reason that mere beggars cannot be legally flogged with the "cat," as can highway-robbers and other similar violent characters, for this latter more severe form of whipping was only introduced into our civil code of laws at a much later date, and for the specific purpose of putting an end to the crime of garrotting. Of course, however, it had long been in use in the Army, under military law.

SENTRY: "You can't leave."

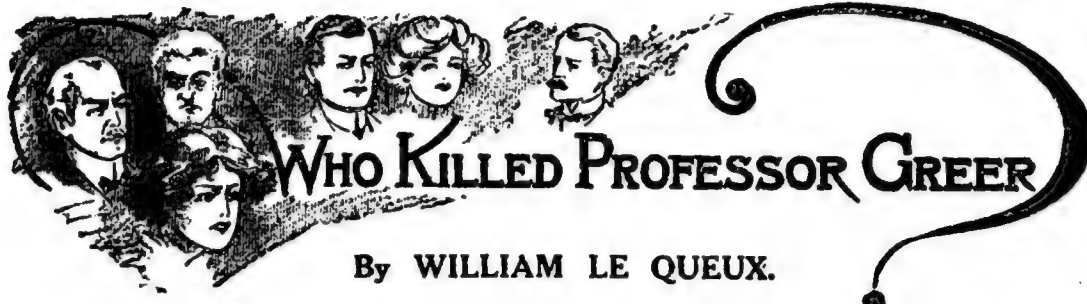
Soldier: "But I have the captain's oral permission."

Sentry (importantly): "Let me see it."

M'NAB treated the family to a fantasia on the bagpipes, and when he had concluded he looked around with honest pride, and remarked, "Eh, mon, but that's ferry deefcult!"

"Is it?" said the O'Flaherty. "Be jabbers, Oi wish it had been impossible!"

If from "Votes for Women" you seek an antidote, Read in this month's PEARSON'S "Why girls don't want the vote."



CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.  
In which a Plot Fails.

WHAT actually occurred was this:  
I had risen from the table, when Annie entered with a telegram which, on opening, I found to be an urgent message from Langton, at Broadstairs, begging me to go there at once, as he had some important information to communicate to me.

From the time-table I found that a fast train left Victoria in an hour, and full of excitement I bade good-bye to Gwen, promising to wire her the result of the interview.

Soon after noon I strode down the steep street of the quiet little watering-place so beloved by Dickens. On that February day it was very chilly, and very deserted, but gaining the Parade I crossed the footbridge, and, continuing past the Grand Hotel, went along the top of the cliffs beyond the town, to where stood the late Professor's seaside red-brick home.

In the small but pretty drawing-room I was greeted by Ethelwynn and her lover, who were standing talking near the fire as I entered.

The girl looked delightfully sweet in a pale blue blouse and dark brown skirt, her splendid hair dressed in a style that suited her admirably, while he, on his part, presented the appearance of the typical clean-limbed, well-bred Englishman. They were, indeed, a handsome pair.

"It's very good of you, Mr. Holford, to come down so quickly!" the girl exclaimed as she took my hand. "Leonard wants to have a serious chat with you."

And yet this was the girl who was privy to her father's tragic end. Was it possible that her lover also knew the truth?

Langton invited me to a chair, and commenced by haltingly apologising for bringing me down from London.

"We, however, considered it necessary," he went on; "necessary in the interests of us all that there should exist a clear and perfect understanding between us."

"In what manner?" I asked the girl's lover.

"Well," he said, "it has come to our knowledge that you have been relating a most extraordinary story regarding Ethelwynn's father. You declare that he died under suspicious circumstances."

"Whatever I've said is the truth—the plain and absolute truth," I declared openly. "Mr. Kirk introduced me into the house in Sussex Place, where I saw the poor Professor lying dead in his laboratory."

"Ah!" cried the girl quickly, her manner suddenly changing. "Then you are a friend of Kirk's—not of my father?"

"That is so," I admitted. "And in Kirk's company I saw your father lying dead through violence."

"And you've dared to put forward this story as an absolute fact!" Langton cried. "Do you happen to know who Kershaw Kirk really is?"

"No; I'd very much like to know," I said, full of anxiety. "Who is he?"

"If you knew, you would, I think, have hesitated before you went to the police with such a fairy tale as yours."

"It is no fairy tale, Mr. Langton!" I declared very earnestly. "I have with my own eyes seen the Professor lying dead."

"But you forget that my father went to Edinburgh on that night, and wired me from there next day," the girl pointed out, fixing her splendid eyes on mine with unwavering gaze.

"I forget no point of the remarkable affair, Miss Ethelwynn," I said quietly. "As a matter of fact, I followed the man believed to be your father to Scotland."

"You—you followed him?" gasped Langton, while the girl's cheeks grew paler. "Did you see him? Did you speak with him?"

"No. But I discovered some rather interesting facts which when the time arrives I intend to put forward as proof of a very remarkable subterfuge."

The pair exchanged meaning glances in silence. The girl was seated in an armchair opposite to me, near the fire, while Langton stood upon the hearthrug with his hands thrust with feigned carelessness into his pockets.

"The whole affair was no doubt most cleverly planned, thanks to the ingenuity of Kirk. The servants were all in ignorance of anything unusual—all save Antonio who, as you know, has escaped to the Continent."

"Escaped!" The pretty girl laughed uneasily. "The last I heard of him was that he was with my father, travelling in Hungary."

"When?"

"Four days ago."

"How can I find them? What is the Professor's address?" I asked.

"He has no fixed abode. My last letter I sent to the Poste Restante in Buda-Pesth."

In this I saw an intention to still preserve the secret of the impostor's whereabouts.

But it was not my intention in asking you down, Mr. Holford, to go into details of what may, or may not, have happened. We—that is Ethelwynn and myself—know the truth."

"Then tell it to me—relieve this burden of a crime which is oppressing me!" I begged. "Let me know the truth, and let me at least regain my lost wife."

"Well? And if we did?" asked Ethelwynn, after a

pause. "We should only lay ourselves open to an unjust retaliation."

Were not those the words of a woman who possessed some guilty knowledge, if not herself guilty of parricide? I saw their frantic desire to close my mouth, so I let them proceed, smiling within myself at their too apparent efforts to avoid the revelations which must inevitably result.

"I do not follow your meaning," I said. "Why should I retaliate, if you are not responsible for my wife's absence?"

She glanced uneasily across to her lover, who exclaimed:

"As far as I see, the whole thing lies in a nutshell, Mr. Holford. You have been misinformed, and have made a ridiculous and quite unfounded statement concerning Professor Greer—one which seriously reflects upon his daughter, his household, and his friends. Therefore—"

"Then does his daughter actually deny having seen him, as I saw him, lying dead in the laboratory?" I interrupted.

"I have never seen my father lying dead!" declared the girl in a low faltering tone which, in itself, showed her to be uttering an untruth. "Your story is entirely unfounded."

"Then let me tell you one thing more, Miss Ethelwynn," I said plainly. "I myself knelt at your side with Kirk when we found you in the dining-room lying, as we thought, lifeless. There was a white mark upon your face. See! It has hardly disappeared yet; there are still traces—a slight red discoloration!"

The girl held her breath at this allegation. That mark upon her cheek condemned her. Even her lover, for a moment, could not reply.

"Ah," he said at last, "the loss of Mrs. Holford has upset you, and causes you to make all sorts of wild and ridiculous statements, it seems. Kirk says they would not listen to you at Scotland Yard—and no wonder!"

"Then you know Kirk, eh—you who denied all knowledge of him when we first met?" I cried. "It was he who placed the poor Professor's remains in the furnace in the laboratory, for from the ashes I recovered various scraps of his clothing which are now in my possession."

"Rubbish, my dear sir!" laughed the young man. "You don't know Kirk—or who he is!"

"I know him to be an adventurer who has two places of residence," I said.

"But an adventurer is not necessarily a scoundrel," Langton replied. "Many a good-hearted wanderer becomes a cosmopolitan and an adventurer, but he still retains all the traits and all the honour of a gentleman."

"Not in Kirk's case!" I cried.

"You've evidently quarrelled with him," remarked Langton.

"I've quarrelled with him in so far as I mean to expose the secret assassination of Professor Greer and those who, for their own purposes, are making pretence that the dead man is still alive," I answered boldly.

"By the latter, I take it, you mean ourselves?" observed the dead man's daughter.

"I include all who lie, well knowing that the Professor is dead and all traces of his body have been destroyed," was my meaning response.

"What's this story of yours about Ethelwynn presenting an appearance of death?" asked Langton. "Tell me—it is the first time I've heard this."

In a few brief sentences I told them of our discovery in the dining-room, and of the removal of the girl in a cab on that foggy night.

At my words both looked genuinely puzzled.

"What do you say to that?" asked her lover.

"I know nothing—nothing whatever of it!" she declared.

"I can only think that Mr. Holford must be dreaming."

"Surely not when, with my own hands, I held a mirror to your lips to obtain traces of your breath!" I exclaimed.

"Ask Antonio. He will tell you how he and his brother Pietro placed you in a cab at Kirk's orders."

"At Kirk's orders," echoed the young man.

"Ask him for yourself," I said.

They were both full of surprise and anxiety at what I had alleged.

Was it possible that I had been mistaken in Ethelwynn's attitude, and that she genuinely believed that her father still lived? But that could not be, for had she not seen him dead with her own eyes. No. The girl, aided by her lover, was carrying out a cunningly-devised scheme to effectively seal my lips.

My wife Mabel had, before her disappearance, been in communication with the impostor whom Ethelwynn had apparently taken under her protection. This was a point that was most puzzling. Could this girl and my wife have been secretly acquainted? If so, then it was more than probable that she might have knowledge of Mabel's whereabouts.

Again I referred to the loss of my wife, declaring that if I found her I would willingly forego all further investigation into the Professor's death.

The handsome girl exchanged glances with her lover, glances which showed me plainly that they were acting in accordance with some premeditated plan. Leonard Langton was a sharp, shrewd, far-seeing man, or he would never have held the appointment of private secretary to Sir Albert Oppenheim.

"Well, Mr. Holford," he said, "why don't you speak

(Continued on next page.)

TRY THIS TEST WITH YOUR  
BRUSH AND COMB TO-DAY.

IT WILL TELL YOU THE STATE OF  
HEALTH OF YOUR SCALP AND HAIR.

FREE TO ALL WHO MAKE THIS TEST—AN  
OUTFIT CONTAINING ALL YOU NEED FOR A  
WHOLE WEEK'S SCALP AND HAIR TREATMENT.

Try this test to day.  
It will tell you at once the state of health of your Scalp and Hair.

Take your stand before a looking-glass and give your hair a thorough brushing, afterwards passing your comb through it three or four times.

Now look at your brush and comb.

Entangled in the teeth of the comb, or among the bristles of the brush, you will perhaps find two or three hairs, long or short, dry or greasy, discoloured or the reverse, possibly accompanied by a certain amount of dandruff or scurf-dust.

If so, this is proof that your hair requires immediate and careful attention.

These few hairs upon your brush and comb are a certain and unfailing indication that you are threatened with Hair Trouble of some sort or other—trouble which, if neglected, will rob your hair of all its beauty, luxuriance, gloss, and colour, render it prematurely scanty, grey, and unbecoming, and perhaps leave you white-haired, totally bald (or nearly so), and, so far as your appearance goes, prematurely aged.

Do not think this test a trivial one.

Do not think because you cannot just now number the hairs of your head the falling out of a few of them will make no difference to your appearance.

It is not the number of the hairs that have fallen out in this Hair-Health Test that matters; it is the indication



MAKE THIS HAIR HEALTH TEST.

Take your brush and comb. Well brush and comb your hair for, say, two or three minutes. Then look at both brush and comb. If you see more than two or three hairs on each, lose no time in sending for the Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit offered in this article to every reader who will give it a fair trial for one week, free of expense to himself or herself. After the one week's trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill" make the brush and comb hair-health test again—you will see no fallen hairs.

they afford of what will certainly follow if you do not take immediate steps to give your hair the care it requires.

But, fortunately, there is time yet to assist your hair to recover its strength and luxuriance and beauty, to eliminate every weakness or disorder that may attack it now or in the future.

Make the test described above, and if it results in your finding any fallen hairs or scurf dust in your brush and comb, then fill up the coupon at the foot of this article and forward it, together with 3d. in stamps for postage (or take it personally, and save even this small amount) to the premises of Mr. Edwards, the world-famous Royal and Court Hair Specialist, and discoverer of the well-known "Harlene-for-the-Hair" and "Hair-Drill," and you will at once be sent, or presented with, a Free Outfit for a Whole Week's "Harlene Hair-Drill," containing everything you require (including full instructions and a seven days' supply of Harlene) to eliminate the hidden weakness that is undermining your Hair, to stop your Hair falling out or losing its colour, and to renew its strength, vigour, and luxuriance.

You can obtain further supplies of "Harlene" for "Hair-Drill" at any leading chemists' or stores, or direct from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 to 96 High Holborn, London, W.C., in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles.

| HARLENE HAIR TEST.                                                                                                                                                                               |  | FREE COUPON. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|--------------|
| To Messrs. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95-96 High Holborn, London, W.C.                                                                                                                                |  |              |
| Sir,—Having carried out the interesting Hair-Test described in your article, I wish to apply for one of the Free Outfits for seven days' "Harlene Hair-Drill," to which this coupon entitles me. |  |              |
| I enclose 3d. postage, and shall be glad if you will send the outfit to the following address:                                                                                                   |  |              |
| Name.....                                                                                                                                                                                        |  |              |
| Address.....                                                                                                                                                                                     |  |              |
| The holder of this coupon may dispense with the payment by making a personal call for the outfit.                                                                                                |  |              |
| Freeman's Weekly, June 10, '09.                                                                                                                                                                  |  |              |

Put your own name on the F.A.F. collecting form in this paper; then show it to your friends. They will follow suit.

candidly and openly? You are, I take it, eager to make terms with your enemies—eh?"

"But who are my enemies?" I cried blankly. "As far as I'm aware, I've made none!"

"A man arouses enmity often without intention," was his reply. "I cannot, of course, tell who are these enemies of yours, but it is evident from your statement the other day at Wimpole Street that they are responsible for your wife's disappearance."

"Well," I said, "you are right. I am open to make terms if Mabel is given back at once to me."

"And what are they?" asked Ethelwynn, whose very eagerness condemned her.

"Pardon me, Miss Greer," I said rather hastily, "but I cannot discern in what manner my matrimonial affairs can interest you."

"Oh—er—well," she laughed nervously, "of course they don't really—only your wife's disappearance has struck me as very remarkable."

"No, Miss Greer," I said, "not really so remarkable as it at first appears. My own inquisitiveness was the cause of her being enticed away, so that I might be drawn off the investigation I had undertaken—the inquiry into who killed Professor Greer."

Her cheeks went paler, and she bit her lip. Her whole attitude was that of a woman aware of a bitter and tragic truth, yet, for her own honour, she dared not divulge it. She undoubtedly held the secret—the secret of her father's death. Yet, for some purpose that was yet a complete enigma, she was protecting the impostor who had stepped into the dead man's shoes.

The pair had brought me down there in order to entrap me—most probably a plot of Kirk's. Their intention was to mislead and deceive me, and at the same time to secure my silence. But in my frantic anxiety and constant dread I was not easily entrapped. I had seen through the transparency of Kirk's attitude, and I had likewise proved to my own satisfaction that, however much of the truth Leonard Langton knew, this girl of the innocent eyes was feigning an ignorance that was culpable, for within her heart she knew the truth of her father's tragic end, even though she calmly asserted that he still lived and was in the best of health.

I had believed on entering that room, the windows of which looked out upon that grey-green wintry sea, that I should learn something concerning my dear wife, that I should perhaps obtain a clue to her whereabouts.

But as I fixed my eyes upon those of Ethelwynn Greer, I saw in them a guilty knowledge, and by it knew that in that direction hope was futile.

True, she had sounded me as to what undertaking I was ready to give, but the whole situation was so horrible and so bewildering that I could not bring myself to make any compact that would prevent Greer's assassin being exposed.

So, instead, I sat full of chagrin, telling the pair much which held them in fear and apprehension.

It was evident that I knew more than they had believed I did, and that Langton was filled with regret that he had invited me there.

What, I wondered, could possibly be Ethelwynn's motive in concealing her father's death? I recollected how the assassin must have brushed past her in the red room to enter the laboratory on that fatal night, and that he must have again repassed her on leaving.

Did she awake and recognise him, or had she herself been an accomplice in securing her father's sudden and tragic end? Who could tell? In that startling suggestion I found much food for deep reflection.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

### In which I Scent the Impostor.

A whole fortnight went past. Mabel's silence was inexplicable.

The house in Sussex Place was still in the hands of the caretaker, and, though I watched both Doctor Flynn and Leonard Langton in secret, the results of my vigilance were nil.

I was in despair. Refused assistance by Scotland Yard, and treated as an enemy by Kershaw Kirk, I could only sit with Gwen at home and form a thousand wild conjectures.

Advertisements for news of Mabel had brought no word of response. Indeed, it seemed much as though the theory of those two detectives was the correct one, namely, that she had left me of her own will, and did not intend to return. Gwen, indeed, suggested this one day, but I made pretence of scouting it. Mabel's mother, who now lived up in Aberdeenshire, had written two letters, and I had been compelled to reply, to tell a lie and say that she was away at Cheltenham.

My business I neglected sadly, for nowadays I seldom went to the garage. Kirk was, I understood, living in Whitehall Court, but I did not call upon him. What was the use? I had tried every means of learning where Mabel was, but, alas! there seemed a conspiracy of silence against me. I had left no effort unexercised. Yet all had been in vain.

Antonio had, according to Ethelwynn, joined "the Professor" in Hungary. Was not that, in itself, sufficient evidence of collusion? As for Pietro, inquiry I made in the Euston Road showed that he had not yet returned to England.

Many times I felt impelled to go out to Buda-Pesth and endeavour to trace the pair. But I hesitated, because, finding Ethelwynn's statements unreliable in some particulars, I feared to accept what she said as the truth. Would it not be to her interest to mislead me and send me off upon a wild-goose chase?

No man in the whole of our great feverish London was so full of constant anxiety, frantic fear, and breathless bewilderment as myself. Ah, how I existed through those grey, gloomy March days I cannot explain. The mystery of it all was inscrutable.

I should, I knew, be able to satisfy myself as to poor Mabel's fate if only I could clear up the mystery of who killed Professor Greer.

This tension of nerves and constant longing for the return of the one for whom I held such a great and all-absorbing love was now telling upon my health. I ate little, and the mirror revealed how pale, careworn, and haggard I had become.

Since the dawn of the New Year I was, alas! a changed man. In two months I had aged fully ten years.

From inquiries I made of men interested in science and in chemistry I had discovered how great a man was the dead Professor, and how beneficial to mankind had been certain of his discoveries. Fate—or is it some world spirit of tragic-comedy?—plays strange pranks with human lives now and then, and surely nothing more singular ever happened in our London life of to-day than what I have already narrated in these pages.

And to that thin, grey-faced neighbour of mine—the man who led a double life—was due the blame for it all. Though I made every endeavour, and every inquiry, I could not learn what was his profession. That he was a man of means, a constant traveller, and well known in clubland, was all the information I could obtain.

You will wonder, perhaps, why I did not go again to Whitehall Court and force the truth from the fellow's lips. Well, I hesitated, because in every argument I had had with him he had always won and always turned the tables upon myself. I had made a promise which, however justifiable my action, I had, nevertheless, broken. I had denounced him to the police, believing that I should see him arrested and charged. Yet, on the contrary, the authorities refused to lift a finger against him.

What could I think? What, indeed, would you have thought in the circumstances? How would you have acted?

One morning I had gone out early with Drake, trying the chassis of a new "twenty-four," and finding ourselves in front of the grey old cathedral at Chichester, we pulled up at the ancient Dolphin to have luncheon. My mind had been full of Mabel all the way, and though I had driven I had paid little or no attention to the car's defects. Dick Drake, motor enthusiast as he was, probably regarded my pre-occupied manner as curious, but he made no comment, though he had no doubt noted all the defects himself.

I had lunched in the big upstairs room—a noble apartment, as well known to travellers in the old coaching-days as to the modern motorist—and had passed along into another room, where I lit a cigarette and stretched myself lazily before the fire.

A newspaper lay at hand, and I took it up. In my profession I have but little leisure to read anything save the motor-journals; therefore, except a glance at the evening paper, I, like hundreds of other busy men, seldom troubled myself with the news of the day.

I was smoking and scanning the columns of that morning's journal when my eyes fell upon a heading which caused me to start in surprise. The words read, "Steel Discovery: New High-Speed Metal with Seven Times Cutting Power of Old."

The short article read as follows:

"Few prophecies have been more quickly justified than that of Professor Greer at the Royal Institution on December 16th last. He then said:

"As to Mr. Carnegie's prophecy on the decadence of British steel metallurgy, this exists only in the imagination of that gentleman. So far as quality is concerned, Britain is still first in the race for supremacy."

"I am strongly of opinion that in a very short time the best high-speed steel will be a back number. It is probable that a year hence there will be on the market British steel with a quadruple cutting power of any now known to metallurgy."

"The prophecy has come true. Professor Greer, lecturing again at the Birmingham Town Hall last night, stated that the firm of Edwards & Sutton, of the Meersbrook Works, Sheffield, of which Sir Mark Edwards is the head, have, after his lengthened experiments, placed on the market a steel with from three to seven times the cutting power of existing high-speed steel, and which, in contradistinction to present material, can be hardened in water, oil, or blast.

"The new steel, whose cutting power is almost incredible, said the Professor, will not call for any alteration in present machinery."

The impostor had actually had the audacity to lecture before a Birmingham audience! His bold duplicity was incredible.

I re-read that remarkable statement, and judged that this new process of his must have been purchased by the great firm of Edwards & Sutton, whose steel was of world repute. His was, I presumed, an improvement upon the Bessemer process.

That a man could have the impudence to pass himself off as Greer was beyond my comprehension. As Waynflete Professor at Oxford he would, I saw, be well known, even if he did not go much into society. And yet he had stood upon the platform in the Town Hall of Birmingham and boldly announced a discovery made by the man whose identity he had so audaciously assumed.

This action of the impostor, who had no doubt sold the Professor's secret at a high figure to a well-known firm, absolutely staggered belief.

I called Drake, mounted upon the ugly chassis again, and together we sped post-haste back to London. At ten that night I was in the Grand Hotel at Birmingham, and half an hour later I called at the house of a certain Alderman named Pooley, who was a member of the society before which the bogus Professor had lectured on the previous evening.

I had some little difficulty in inducing him to see me at that late hour. He was a busy solicitor, and his servant referred me to his office in Bull Street, where, she said, he would see me in the morning. But, being pushful, Mr. Pooley at last consented to see me.

"Yes," he said, as I sat with him in his dining-room, "it is quite true that Professor Greer lectured before us last night, and made a most interesting announcement—one which seems to have caused a good deal of stir in the world of metallurgy. The papers were full of it to-day."

"I understood the Professor was abroad," I remarked rather lamely.

"So he was. He came home specially to fulfil a long-standing engagement. He promised us to lecture, and gave us the date as far back as November last."

"Do you know where he arrived from?" I inquired.

"Yes. He dined with us here before the lecture, and stayed with us the night. He told us at dinner that he had just returned from Roumania."

"Then he did not leave Birmingham until this morning!" I cried. "Ah, how I wish I had known! Have you any idea where he has gone?"

"I went with him to the station this morning, and he took a ticket to Sheffield—to visit Sir Mark Edwards, I believe. He met at the station a friend who had been to the lecture and who had stayed at the Grand that night. He was introduced to me as Mr. Kirk. Do you know him?"

"Kirk?" I gasped. "Yes—a tall, thin, grey-haired man—Mr. Kershaw Kirk."

"Yes. They travelled together," said the Alderman. "It seemed as though Kirk came from London to meet the Professor, who had returned by the Hook of Holland to Harwich, and came on by the through carriage to Birmingham."

"And you believe that Kirk has gone with the Professor to visit Sir Mark Edwards?" I exclaimed eagerly.

"I think so. If you sent a letter to the Professor at Sir Mark's address, it's quite probable that he would get it."

"Had you ever met the Professor before?" I inquired.

"No, never. Of course I knew him well by repute."

"Did he mention that Edwards & Sutton were old friends of his?"

"I gathered that they were not. He had simply concluded an arrangement with them for working his process as a matter of business. Indeed, he mentioned that Sir Mark Edwards had invited him to visit him for a few days."

"Then they are not friends of long standing?" I asked.

"Probably not. But—well, why do you ask such curious questions as these, Mr.—Holford? What, indeed, is the motive of all this inquiry? The Professor is a well-known man, and you could easily approach him yourself," the keen solicitor remarked.

"Yes, probably so. But my inquiry is in the Professor's own interest," I said, because I had to make my story good. "As a matter of fact, I have learnt of an attempt to steal the secret of his process, and I'm acting for his protection. When my inquiries are complete, I shall go to him and place the whole matter before him."

"Your profession is not that of a detective?" he suggested, with a laugh.

"No; I'm a motor-engineer," I explained bluntly. "I know nothing, and care less, about detectives and their ways."

Then I apologised for disturbing him at that hour and made my way back in the cab that had brought me to the centre of the city.

I left New Street Station at two o'clock in the morning—cold, wet, and cheerless—and at half-past four was in the Midland Hotel at Sheffield, sleepy and fagged.

The night-porter knew nothing of Sir Mark Edwards' address; therefore I had to wait until eight o'clock, when some more intelligent member of the hotel staff came on duty.

Everyone of whom I inquired, however, seemed ignorant; hence I took a cab and drove to the great works of the firm—a huge grimy place, with smoky chimneys and heaps of slag, an establishment employing several thousand hands, and one of the largest, if not the largest, in Hallamshire. Here I was informed that Sir Mark resided thirty miles distant, at Alverton Hall, close to the edge of Bulwell Common, famed for its golf links.

Therefore at ten o'clock I took train there, and finding a fly at the station, drove direct to the Hall to face and denounce the man who was an accomplice of assassins, if not the assassin himself, and a bold, defiant impostor.

The fly, after traversing a country road for a mile or so, suddenly entered fine lodge-gates and proceeded up a splendid avenue of high bare elms, until we drew up at the entrance to a fine old Elizabethan mansion, the door of which was thrown open by a liveried man-servant.

I held my breath for a second. My chase had been a long and stern one.

Then I inquired for the honoured and distinguished guest—whom I had already ascertained at the works in Sheffield was staying there—and was ushered with great ceremony into the large, wide, old-fashioned hall.

At last the impostor was near his unmasking. At last I would be able to prove to the world who killed Professor Greer!

(Another long instalment of this remarkable mystery story next week.)

BROWNE: "How surprised we should be if we could see ourselves as others see us!"

TOWNE: "Yes; but think how surprised the others would be if they could see us as we see ourselves!"

"DOES the baby talk yet?" asked a friend of the family.

"No," replied the baby's disgusted little brother, "the baby doesn't need to talk."

"Doesn't need to talk?"

"No. All the baby has to do is to yell, and it gets anything there is in the house that's worth having."

## QUESTIONABLE RESPECTABILITY.

A KING'S COUNSEL was appearing in a case of slander which was being heard before a certain judge, with whom, outside court, he was on the best of terms.

The chief witness was a woman, who appeared to testify to the alleged slander.

"Now, madam," began the K.C., "please repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant on this occasion, just as you heard them."

"Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear!" was the emphatic response, as she looked indignantly at the barrister.

"Then," said the K.C. coaxingly, "suppose you just whisper them to the judge."

# What is Grass?

THE other day a gentleman called at the offices of the Fresh Air Fund, and brought the following article. Although now in prosperous circumstances, he has never forgotten the impressions of his first view of the country.

"In the long, long ago, certainly more than fifty years, there were 'Slum' Children as 'Slum' or 'Slummier' than there are to-day, for in those days there were fewer parks and recreation grounds or open spaces than there are now, and in many of our large towns these aids to health were non-existent, or so scarce as to be unavailable to the bulk of the 'Slum' Children. I spell them with capital letters, because I was one of them.

"I have read with the greatest interest the articles and paragraphs that have appeared year after year in your paper, written by the eminent philanthropic men and women who have advocated the noble cause which you have done so much to organise and develop, and I have frequently asked myself if any one of these writers knew of the extent and lasting benefits which accrue to a child taken from the slums for only one day into the country, and I have always smiled to myself and answered 'No.'

"They cannot fully appreciate the manifold blessings conferred, for the simple reason that not one of them has experienced the like.

"I remember as though it were only yesterday, when I was about four or five years old, my father was reading to seven or eight of us children from the Bible on Sunday evening, and in the chapter occurred the words, 'Wherefore if God so clothed the grass in the field which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?' In my ignorance and innocence I asked, 'Daddy, what is grass?'

"That simple childish question made mother and father wonder, until it dawned upon them that I had never seen a field, or grass, or hedgerow, much less the country.

"I remember mother was the first to suggest to father that on the first fine Sunday he should take me some miles out of that part of the town where we lived, to show me the fields, and let me know what grass was like.

"On that Sunday afternoon, after weeks of weary waiting and joyous anticipation, we set forth to walk. After a long distance through streets lined with houses we reached a field and a hedge in full bloom with beautiful hawthorn, and, joy of joys, a stile we could climb over. Then I had my first gambol on the fresh, real grass, and the buttercups and daisies, and long seedy grasses I gathered until my little hands could hold no more. How well I remember the homeward tramp, how tired I was.

## A One-Time Slum Child's Recollections of His First Day in the Country.

My father gave me a pick-a-back for the last few miles, and after ecstatically showing my mother the treasures I had gleaned, I fell fast asleep on her breast.

"Now, as I have said, this happened more than fifty years ago. It was only a half-day in the country, and it has since been my happy lot and privilege to see the gorgeous tints of an Indian summer in America, the wonderful flowers in sunny Ceylon, and the best Australia can produce, yet I still have my chief pleasure as the spring and summer come round, to walk to the bottom of my garden and look over the meadows in all their natural loveliness, and think of my first half-day in the country.

"And these thoughts bring me to the object I have in view in writing these recollections. The first thought they suggest is that a child's education should commence with a visit to the country to see God's beautiful provision for our wants and enjoyments, such as the Fresh Air Fund provides for. If a half-day has been such a pleasure and instruction to me, I am quite sure that a whole day, under far better conditions, will do as much or more for all the little children you try to benefit.

"Why do not some of our millionaire philanthropists come forward and unite in giving handsomely and bounteously to your fund, so that every slum child may have at least one day in the country. As I have said, this should be the beginning of their education. Public libraries, free institutes, free college education, and all the rest may come after, but without this initial education the others are much like the tradesmen's signs in the street which poor Joe could see, but could not read or understand.

"You, the reader, cannot found a library or subsidise a free institute, but you can lay the foundation of health and happiness in one small child for the very modest sum of ninepence."

### A ONE-TIME SLUM CHILD.

WIFE: "Well, I'll bet you a box of cigars."

Husband: "Then I won't bet."

Wife: "You're afraid you'll lose."

Husband: "No, I'm afraid I'll win."

"ELECTRICITY in the air affects your system," said the physician.

"Yes," said the patient, who had paid five guineas for five visits, "I agree with you that there are times when one feels slightly over-charged."

## QUEER CRAZES OF COLLECTORS.

ONCE bitten with the mania for collecting things, and the average individual seems to lose all control over himself.

It does not matter, apparently, what the objects are. "Old" china that is not old, stamps perforated or surcharged in a peculiar way—for these, and other suchlike intrinsically valueless articles, he will cheerfully pay away a fortune if need be.

One well-known lady, who died recently, expended £6,000 on keys. Her collection comprised the key of the Nuremberg Iron Virgin, one said to have belonged to Cleopatra's jewel-case, another of the private sitting-room of the murdered Queen Draga of Serbia, a huge iron specimen from the Tower of London—got by bribing a "Beefeater"—and the one that used to unlock Anne Hathaway's cottage at Stratford-on-Avon.

A rich Manchester gentleman collects wooden legs, of which he possesses several hundred specimens. Minnie Palmer, the actress, had a craze for collecting stockings, and accumulated more than twenty trunks full.

King Edward's hobby is walking sticks, of which he possesses a very fine assortment indeed. His son, the Prince of Wales, is a stamp enthusiast. A London society lady devotes herself to collecting door-handles, of which she owns over two thousand examples.

An East End publican has been collecting policemen's truncheons for these forty years past. He has over three hundred of them, including some that were served out to the special constables sworn in during the Chartist agitation, and others that are connected with famous crimes.

Prince Bismarck collected thermometers. George IV. had more than ten thousand tea-pots piled in pyramids in the Brighton Pavilion. The Hon. Charles Rothschild has spent hundreds of pounds in collecting specimens of fleas. Laura B. Starr, the authoress, collects children's dolls from all over the world.

Scores of enthusiasts are at this present moment engaged in collecting railway tickets, often at considerable risk and expense to themselves. Others pin their faith to tram tickets, to cigar bands, to cigarette boxes. A famous lady novelist has collected buttons for over twenty years.

KENNETH, who views the future from the eminence of seven summers, was looking very woebegone.

Asked why, he hesitated for a moment; then, bursting into tears, "I've been wondering," he said between sobs, "when mother's dead—and nurse's dead—and my wife's dead—who'll look after me when I'm poorly."

# ERADICATE CONSTIPATION FREE!

## A London Doctor

WRITES:

"Great Russell Mansions,

"London, W.C., 12th February.

"During the course of my Dental practice I have prescribed Kutnow's Powder with excellent results in cases of chronic toothache and general debility arising from stomach troubles, liver torpor, and constipation.

"G. H. JONES, D.D.S., F.R.C.S., etc., etc."

## A Clergyman's Wife

WRITES:

"The Manse, Blennerhasset,

"Brayton, S.O., Carlisle, 9th March.

"Sirs,—Thank you for your sample of Kutnow's Powder, which I find very efficacious, pleasant, and agreeable to take.

—Yours very truly, (Mrs.) A. POTTS."

## GUARD AGAINST FRAUD!

There is only one genuine Kutnow's Powder. It can be had of all conscientious chemists at 2s. 9d. per bottle, or direct from Kutnow's London Offices for 3s. post-paid in the United Kingdom. See that the fac-simile signature, "S. Kutnow & Co. Ltd.," and the registered trade mark, "Hirschsprung, or Deer Leap," are on the package and bottle. You then

## GET GENUINE KUTNOW'S.

## DO YOU WANT HEALTH?

RETENTION IN THE BOWEL of the waste products of undigested food forms a perfect incubator for disease germs, which fructify till they are conveyed by the blood over the entire system. Constipation is likewise a cause of appendicitis. Kutnow's Powder is a safe, simple, and at the same time a thoroughly efficient remedy, which does not excoriate, but, on the contrary, has a soothing, purifying, and strengthening action.

## DO YOU WANT STRENGTH?

TO OBTAIN PHYSICAL AND MENTAL STRENGTH should be the ambition of every unit in the human race, and though some are born with more delicate constitutions than others, it is within the power of each and every one of us to improve our bodies and minds by regular and systematic training. A dose of Kutnow's Powder quickly corrects all such irregularities as Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, and Liver Torpor.

## YOURS FOR THE ASKING!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to simply fill in the form adjoining with your name and address, cut it out, and send on to Kutnow's London Offices. You will receive by return a package of Kutnow's Powder, with full directions as to its use. It is the most delightful and refreshing health invigorator in the world, it braces the nerves, strengthens the stomach, gives you a clear brain, and quick perception.

## Rev. E. R. Gibbens

WRITES:

"Wesleyan Methodist Church,

"Tonbridge, 13th October.

"Gentlemen,—For some weeks I have been using Kutnow's Powder, from which I have derived great benefit. Bilious trouble has disappeared and rheumatic pains have been entirely removed. I can very confidently recommend this preparation."

## Nurse Bevan

WRITES:

"Nurse Bevan thanks Messrs. Kutnow & Co. Ltd. for their sample of Kutnow's Powder, which she finds to be a very valuable aperient, and will be glad to recommend it to her patients.

"25 Eddicombe Road, Fulham, S.W.,

"22nd April, 1909."

## SIGN THIS FORM

To obtain Kutnow's Powder free of charge.

Name.....

Address.....

Pearson's Weekly, June 10, 1909.

Send this Form to S. KUTNOW & CO. Ltd.,  
41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

For the Free Sample write to S. KUTNOW & CO. Ltd., 41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

## LIVED BY RUNNING.

THE seven-year-old pride of the family had concluded his recitation of "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," and the fond mother, turning with dignified complacency to the unnerved visitor, remarked: "And I have been assured by really eminent judges, Mr. Marterdum, that he closely approaches the late Sir Henry Irving in dramatic style."

"I am not surprised to hear it," assented the victimised one with a strained smile.

"Mabel, also," continued the matron, blandly indicating a six-year-old mite of flaxen-haired precocity, "plays exquisitely. You shall hear her. What is your forte, Mr. Marterdum?"

"Mine, madam?" gasped the wretched listener. "Mine? Oh, I—I run!" And he suited the action to the word.

MISTRESS: "For goodness' sake, hurry up the dinner, Mary. Mr. Smith is so hungry he will get angry."  
Cook: "Well, that's just why I'm slow to-day. This chicken is so tough that if he isn't hungry and angry he won't eat it."

COLLECTOR (angrily): "You know very well, sir, that this bill has been running several years; now I put it to you, what do you want me to do with it?"

Debtor: "If I were you I'd enter it in the next Marathon race."

MR. DOLAN: "What did Oi do wid me hat, Bridget?"

Mrs. Dolan: "Yez lift it on yer head, Moike."

Mr. Dolan: "Begorra, the next thing Oi will be leaving me head in me hat."

## DIPLOMATIC.

"PAPA," said Georgie, "I'm so sorry sometimes about the trouble I give mamma."

"She hasn't complained."

"No, she's very patient. But she often sends me to the shops for things, and they are a good way off, and I know she gets cross waiting when she's in a hurry."

"Not often, I fancy."

"Oh, she's nearly always in a hurry. She gets everything all ready for baking, and finds at the last minute she hasn't any baking-powder, or she gets a pudding all mixed, and finds she hasn't any nutmeg or something, and then she's in an awful stew, 'cause the oven is all ready, and maybe company coming, and I can't run for a long distance, you know, and I feel awfully sorry for poor mamma."

"Humph! Well, what can we do about it?"

"I was thinking you might get me a bicycle."

THE amateur forecaster had been hitting off the weather remarkably well.

"It's very simple," he explained. "I get the official predictions and reverse 'em."

YOUNG SPRIGGS: "Your father has a splendid voice, Sparkly. Which of his notes do you like best?"

Young Sparkly: "I like his chest notes best. I mean the fivers he carries in his breast-pocket."

TALL ACTOR: "Ah, Rudolph, why that sad expression?"

Short Actor: "I cannot help it, me lord. I die in the first act."

Tall Actor: "Oh, it might be worse."

Short Actor: "It couldn't be. There is a real chicken dinner in the second act."

## NO ACCIDENT AFTER ALL.

SHE was reclining in a low chair in the drawing-room, thinking about her dear Willie, who had been legally her property for the space of three months, when a telegram arrived for her. Hurriedly tearing open the buff envelope, she scanned the contents, then fell back in a swoon.

The message was from her brother in the city, and read: "Will run over to-day.—George."

Her maid at last restored her to consciousness. Her Willie run over! She could not grasp the full significance of it. One thing she would do—go to him at once; so she hastily attired herself, and at length reached her brother's office, who, having sent the news, would be able to tell her all about it.

"How is he, and where have they taken him?"

Her brother stared at her stupidly.

"Oh, don't keep me in suspense! Tell me where he is."

"Where who is?"

"Why, Willie."

"At his office, I presume. I haven't seen him to-day."

"Then what does this mean? Isn't he run over?"

Is this one of your silly jokes?"

George took the flimsy from his sister, read his own message, then exploded with laughter. It was a long time before he could convince her that this simple intimation that he would run over and pay her a visit was not a detestable and practical joke.



## Quips and Jestlets



## OUT IN HIS INTERIM.

"Is Mr. Bromley in?" asked the caller.

"He is not, sorr," Pat answered politely. "Shure he won't be in till four o'clock or mebbe after."

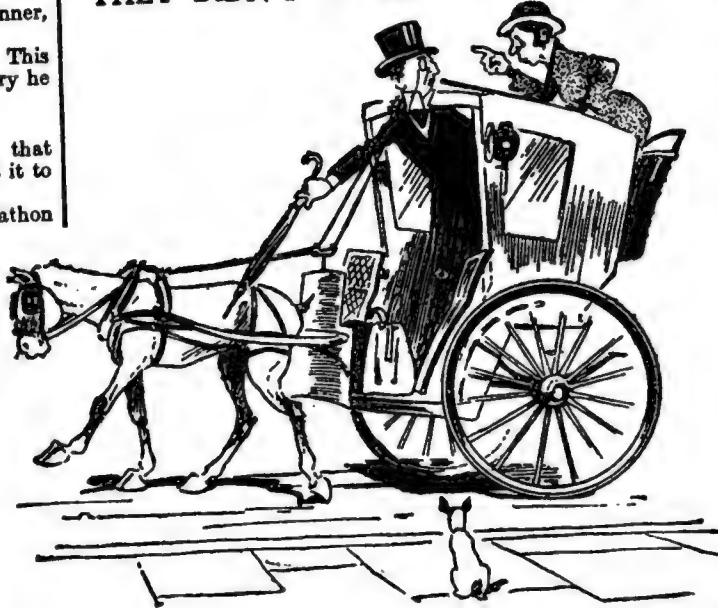
"Where's he gone?"

"He went to ride in his interim, sorr."

"His what?"

"His interim: 'Tis a tony name for motor-car, I'm thinking. Half an hour ago Mishter Bromley says to me, 'Pat,' says he, 'I'm ixpectin' Mishter Dobbs here some time this afternoon, but I think he won't be after gittin' here yet awhile, so I'll go down in the interim.' An' with that he druv off in his motor."

## THEY DIDN'T CARE FOR TRAINS.



Fare (in a hurry to catch his train): "I say, ca'by, you can go a little faster; I'm not a bit nervous."

Cabby: "Werry likely not, sir, but I am."

Fare (excitedly): "But I shall miss my train."

Cabby: "My 'oss don't like trains, and he wouldn't put hisself out to catch one for the world; in fact, he's like me, he prefers to miss them."

## "BY COUPLINGS COUPLED."

Another Thrilling Romance of Our Popular Contests.

Long Billy Tompkins and myself

Were rivals for the hand

Of Matty Jones, whose pater was

A merchant in the Strand.

No good looks Bill could boast—while I

Am rather fair myself.

Alas! though Bill looked old and grim,

'Twas he who had the pelf.

So Matty's dad said to the maid,

"This chance you must not lose:

The lad who's got the money is

The husband you must choose."

To hear her dad's command she wept

And shed full many a tear;

Old, ugly Bill the lass disliked,

'Twas I whom she loved dear.

O, how I raved in agony

And tried the maid to soothe.

Alas! 'Tis true what Shakespeare said,

"Love's course runs never smooth."

But one day as I earnestly

My "Pearson's Weekly" read,

Sudden I shouted, "If I win

These Couplings, I can wed."

With trembling hand the leaves I turned

And pairs of words soon found;

At last I'd made a sentence which

To win, I felt, was bound.

I pested it, and now I was

Perplexed with many a doubt.

"Would that I knew my fate," I cried;

"Would the result were out."

Hurrah! One morn a cheque arrived.

I'd won; then to the Strand

I ran and cried to Mr. Jones,

"Give me your daughter's hand."

And when old Jones the cheque had scanned,

"My lad, you'll do," said he.

To-morrow Matty and myself

For aye shall "coupled" be.

efforts of the horses, assisted by the soldiers in charge of the chaplain, could budge the vehicle. The soldiers held a brief consultation, and then sent a spokesman to the chaplain.

"If you wouldn't mind, sir," said Mr. Atkins, "we should like you to go on ahead. We think we could get the waggon out if you wasn't with us."

"How? I should have thought you would have been glad of my assistance," said the chaplain reproachfully.

"So we are, sir," the soldier hastened to say, "but the fact is, we can't talk to the 'orces when you're within 'earin', sir, and there's nothin' like a few sweet nothings to make 'em pull."

"I DON'T mind Jack's slang," said one of the girls. "He is so clever in the use of it."

"How so?"

"Why, he sent me three dozen photos of famous beauties, with a card on which the only words were, 'You're another!'"

"WELL, my little man," he said to the youth, "what do you do in school all day?"

"I wait till it's time to go home, sir," was the matter-of-fact reply.

"WHY did you change your coal dealer?"

"I didn't like the name of the last one."

"What was it?"

"Lyttleton."

## NOT ENOUGH FOR HIS MONEY.

A NOTED dentist in the north of England was requested to use his powers over the decayed tooth of a pitman, which was giving him much pain. Geordie was requested to take a chair, and before he had got well seated the refractory member of his jaw was skilfully drawn, to his great relief and astonishment.

"Ah," exclaimed he, "that wis clivvorly dune! What's thee charge?"

The dentist replied that his usual fee was above the ordinary means of a working man to pay, and he would merely ask a trifle—perhaps his patient would not think five shillings too much?

"Thou's joking, doctor," said the pitman; "The tuith Aw had pulled out the other day tuik the man half an hour—and he trailed me awower the room afore it gi' way—and he only charged a shilling for the job!"

MR. ROMANZ: "I tell you what, a baby brightens up the house, and that's a fact."

Mr. Practickel: "Yes, we've had to keep the gas burning all night ever since ours was born."

"How did you find the steak, sir?" asked the waiter at the cheap restaurant of the man who had dined.

"By perseverance," was the reply. "The morsel was hiding under a Brussels sprout, but I tracked him down."

BOY (in village chemist's shop): "Do you live here?"

Customer: "Yes."

Boy: "Then you'll have to wait till the boss comes back; I ain't allowed to make up prescriptions except for strangers."

HE: "Young Smythe and Miss Browne are evidently in love with each other."

SHE: "Judging by the way they look at each other?"

HE: "No; judging by the way they don't look at anybody else."

## UP-TO-DATE CANVASSING.

As I opened the door I saw a man with a burglar's mask, kneeling before the safe.

The next moment he had turned and shoved a revolver into my face.

"Throw up your hands!" he said.

I did so.

"You understand," he remarked pleasantly, "that I can, in the present circumstances, loot the premises at my pleasure?"

I confessed that he could.

"You realise that you are at my mercy?" he asked.

"I do," I replied.

"You acknowledge that I can blow out your brains if I like?" he persisted.

"Certainly," I admitted.

"Well, then," he said, "you will be interested to know that I got in without difficulty through your parlour window. Had it been equipped with Smith's Patent Safety Burglar Alarm and Preventer, this could not have happened. Installed, complete with batteries, for £5. Allow me to hand you a circular. Good-night, sir." Therewith, pocketing his revolver, he withdrew.



## What is Maté?

Telling the Secrets of a Marvellous South American Beverage.

**A** GREAT many people all over Europe are now asking this question. The reason for this sudden public interest is the endeavour of the Brazilian States Government to introduce this wonderful beverage into England, France, Germany, and Italy.

Yerba Maté, as it is called, is the tea of South America; but, unlike the Eastern drink, it possesses some very marvellous qualities. A cup, or bowl, of maté enables one to easily go for twelve hours without any food whatever.

A cowboy of the south-western plains rises early from his bed of green turf and drinks a gourd of maté, then he can gallop his horse from sunrise to sunset without any need for food until the evening, when he partakes of the only proper meal of the day.

Flavoured by Orange and Lemon.

The ladies of the interior of South America, be they white or black, at an early age contract the habit of drinking maté to excess, with the result that they become extremely lazy owing to the complete loss of appetite.

It is interesting to see South American ladies sitting talking amid the tropical foliage of an estancia, or country estate, and indulging in the favourite maté bowl.

A small gourd containing some of the dried leaves of the maté tree is first produced. Boiling water is then poured on. Sometimes orange or lemon flavouring is added, but mostly a little powdered sugar.

The maté is then fit for drinking; and it is this operation which forms the most curious sight.

A long plaited straw, or silver tube, with holes pierced in a bulb at the bottom, called a bombilla, is placed in the hot liquid, which is sucked up through the tube, like lemon-squash in this country.

The bombilla is passed round from one lady to another, each drawing up their favourite liquid, like American Indians with the pipe of peace.

The maté tree grows principally in Paraguay and in the State of Paraná, Brazil, where it is cultivated on a very large scale. The trees, growing wild, much resemble orange groves. The leaves are of a dark green colour, and it is these, when toasted and reduced to a

coarse powder, that are used in the preparation of the tea.

The habit of maté drinking, which is easily acquired, has attained such enormous proportions in many parts of South America that nearly all the Government offices are closed during mid-day. The officials, from the lowest grade clerk to the high Ministers of State, retire at this hour for a siesta and a maté bowl!

It is no infrequent occurrence for a visitor, calling on important business, to be politely informed that Señor — cannot be seen just at present, as he is drinking maté.

Notwithstanding, however, the disadvantages of this wonderful, yet unpleasant-tasting, drink, it has many valuable qualities. During the wars in South America it was found invaluable for sustaining the troops during long marches on short rations, and during the protracted engagements of guerrilla warfare.

On one occasion during the Paraguayan War the Brazilian troops marched for twenty hours during the heat of a tropical day without any food or drink, with the exception of maté.

The price of this South American tea averages in English money about fivepence per pound. In the interior, however, it is even much cheaper than this. So large is the demand that the Government of Paraguay—in which country large quantities of the best quality maté is grown—monopolises the trade, employing soldiers from the standing army in cultivating and curing. In Brazil, however, the trade is carried on by private enterprise.

Pounded to a Powder.

The harvesting and curing of the maté leaves is simplicity itself. All that is necessary is a large wood frame, raised from the ground. The branches are then piled upon this, and a clear wood fire lighted underneath. This toasting process lasts about thirty hours, when the dried leaves are pounded in a wooden bowl, or between two heavy grind-stones, and reduced to a coarse powder, which is then packed tightly in leather bags for exportation.

The introduction of maté into Europe and the United States is now being carried on by several large firms. The special mission sent to Europe from Brazil to further develop the trade of that country, is making known the valuable qualities of this beverage. Before the epoch-making year 1910 the mild request for a bowl of maté in a London restaurant will, probably, not be met with a vacant stare of incomprehension, but the reply with alacrity: "Maté? Yes, sir!"

## WISDOM TABLOIDS.

DUNDEE exports over 1,500 tons of marmalade a year.

ZOOLOGISTS aver that in a hundred years the lion will be extinct.

We call our day 24 hours, but it is really 23 hours 56 minutes 5 seconds.

THE English Channel at its narrowest breadth is twenty and a quarter miles across.

THE hide of a cow produces about thirty-five pounds of leather, that of a horse about eighteen pounds.

ENGLAND's prison population is 90 per 100,000 of her inhabitants, that of Ireland 66 per 100,000, of Scotland only 52 in the same number.

THE horse has a smaller stomach proportionately than any other animal, because the horse was created for speed. Had he the ruminating stomach of the ox, he would be quite unfitted for the labour which he now performs.

THE domestic cat is quite a distinct species, probably descended from the Egyptian cat, which was certainly domesticated more than 4,000 years ago, and worshipped in some cities, and embalmed after death. The cat was domesticated in Europe more than 2,000 years ago.

A STRANGE custom is still observed in Roumania. When a servant has displeased his master the offender takes his boots off his hands and places them before the bedroom door of his master. It is a sign of great submission, and the boots are either kicked away, as an intimation that the fault will not be forgiven, or else the servant is bid to place them on his feet, which shows that he is forgiven.

THE Royal Palaces and Marlborough House cost the nation £60,000 to £65,000 a year in repairs.

NORWEGIANS and Lapps, the tallest and the shortest peoples of the world, live side by side.

KOREAN tailors do not stitch garments. They paste the edges together and press them down.

IN Berlin the pawnshop is a Royal and philanthropic institution. Any profit that is made is spent on charity.

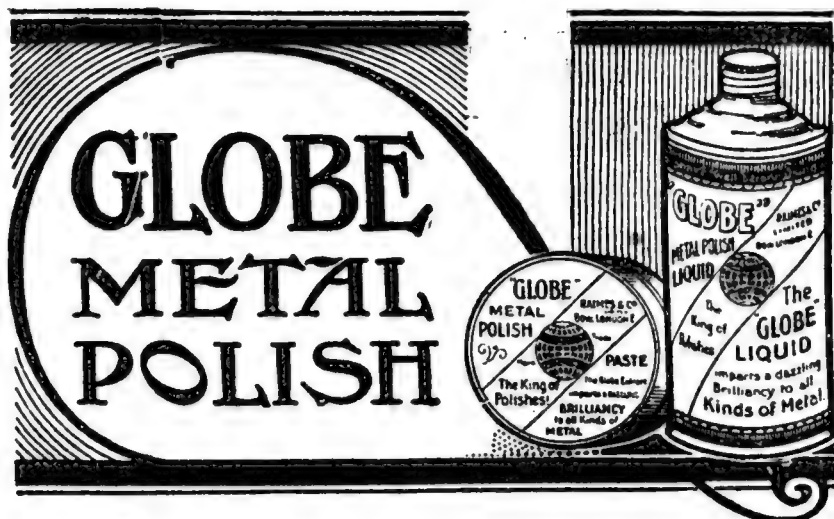
IN making champagne, the grapes are squeezed six times, each pressure making wine of different quality.

THE Surrey County Cricket Club is the oldest. It was founded in 1844. The Derbyshire Club was founded in 1845.

SEA-BATHING causes many diseases of the ear. Cotton should be put in the ear when it is the intention to submerge the head.

WHEN a passenger pays for his dog to ride by rail, is the dog entitled to occupy a seat in the carriage like a human being? In Belgium a man turned a dog off a seat to sit down himself. The dog's master brought an action against the individual, and the Courts have declared that the dog is as much entitled to a seat as his master.

SPECIAL attention is being given by the French military authorities to the questions of succouring the wounded on battlefields when night comes on after a great battle. It has been practically determined that the ambulance corps men shall wear little incandescent glow-lamps in their hats. Each man is to carry a little primary battery in his pocket for the production of the current. The wounded in need of succour will look out for the little moving lights, and if possible drag themselves towards them.



The most brilliant shine, the most lasting shine on metals, is that produced by "Globe."

It is not difficult to produce a shine on metal work: but it is difficult to produce one that will last.

So difficult that there is only one way of doing it—"Globe."

"Globe" is easily applied, and the results are always alike—brilliant and lasting.

"Globe" can be obtained in Paste and Liquid—both alike in their good qualities.

"Globe" Metal Polish, Paste and Liquid.

Paste: 1d. 2d. 4d. and larger tins.

Liquid: 2d. 6d. 1/- and larger cans.

Dealers and Stores everywhere.

RAIMES & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.

## PEARSON'S SEASIDE GUIDE. Price 1s.

This interesting book tells you where to go for your holidays, and contains a full alphabetical list of all the seaside resorts in the United Kingdom with a fund of information telling you all about them.

Mr. F. G. AFLALO, the well-known fishing expert, contributes three articles: **How Fish is Caught for the Market, How to Catch Fish for Sport, and Birds, Beasts, and Fishes of the Seaside.**

Besides these articles there are hints on the management of open rowing-boats in a surf, telegraphic weather intelligence, signals of distress, signals for pilots, and numerous other articles on subjects bound to interest the holiday-maker.

Place your orders at once. 1/- at all Booksellers', or 1/3, post free, from C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., 18 Henrietta Street, LONDON, W.C.

BARGAIN  
SHOPPING.

By a Housewife.

**N**O woman should go to the marriage altar until she has learned the way to shop.

Shopping courses should be installed in every public school, and then perhaps the next generation of women here will know how to shop. It is a certain fact that the great majority of women, even those who have been married for years, do not really know how to shop. They only buy things.

Meals Ordered Over  
the Telephone.

Women cannot understand that the best is not the cheapest nor yet the most expensive. She will not learn to spend the same time and effort on buying her groceries as on choosing her spring hat. The result is that she finds in the long run her—or her husband's—income is nearly always overspent.

I will not go so far as to say she is wilfully extravagant. No, the fact of the matter is that she does not know how to get twelve pennies' worth for every shilling she expends.

Take the matter of buying what the family eats. There are thousands of women who order the entire food supply over the telephone, or through the cook. They never think of inquiring whether the milk is pure, or even whether or not they are being overcharged. Quite unknowingly they poison their children and their husbands day after day, simply because they do not know enough to buy pure food.

The whole subject of bargain shopping ought to be systematised and straightened out in a text-book and the writer would only need to use his common sense on what he observed.

First—a bargain is not a bargain, no matter how cheap, unless it is something the purchaser actually needs. On the other hand, it is silly to adopt the attitude of the man in the funny papers and disbelieve in all bargains. Plenty of legitimate ones really exist, and the woman of limited income should always consider them. But she should understand them.

Too Old to  
be Taught.

There you have it again—she should understand. And she doesn't, that is, the majority don't. And she is too old to be taught. Therefore I say, teach the children.

There is nothing impracticable in the idea of regular school courses in shopping. They should be compulsory, for girls, at least.

As in the nature study classes, the children might make trips with their teachers about the city. They might be taken to the markets and the big stores, and obtain real experience in buying intelligently.

I believe firmly that the time is coming when the public schools will take up this very vital question of how to shop.



## A Perfect Figure

By a FASHIONABLE COSTUMIER.

to the wrist, and this should measure just six inches round.

This figure in the proportions I have mentioned is, I believe, the perfect figure for a woman.

I need not say that such absolute perfection is, if perhaps not absolutely non-existent, yet extremely rare, and it is the object of the art of the costumier to correct with as gentle a hand as is possible such imperfections as must necessarily exist.

It is a popular mistake that a well-made corset necessitates either padding or tight lacing; that is to say, that its only object is to correct mistakes in the development and fulness or want of fulness in the bust and waist.

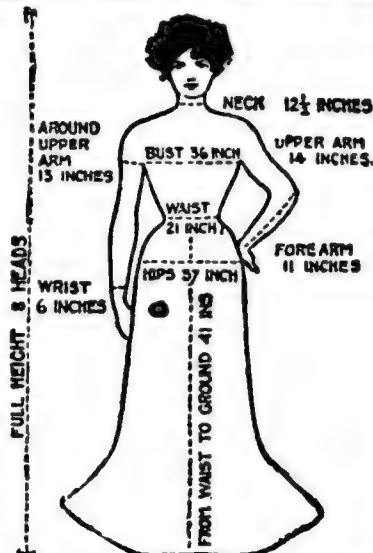
That is by no means so.

The corset should be so cut, and is so cut by every artist, as to set right what mistake there may be in the length of the figure as well as, or, I may say, even more than, in its development, and in nine cases out of ten a well-made dress is quite dependent on a well-made corset.

I have, for instance, in my own establishment mannequins or models of different sizes, which I and my assistants have chosen with the utmost care for the perfection of their figures.

The dresses which these ladies wear on duty are perfectly plain and are no more dresses than is the sheath of an umbrella. They merely, as it were, contain the mannequin's figure, which is put into the dress for the purpose of showing it to its ultimate purchaser.

But underneath its simple sheath each



mannequin wears a perfectly-made corset which corrects any deficiency in her figure, and over which a perfect dress will look perfection, while the imperfect one will show its faults.

WHY GIRLS  
ARE SHY.

By One Who Is Not.

**D**O you know why girls are shy? There are three reasons. The first kind of a girl is shy because she has a tremendous sense of her own importance. She is the "Touch-Me-Not" Girl.

The second kind of girl is too nervous, and she is the "Please-Go-Away" Girl.

The third class of girl is the most foolish of the lot. She is the "Snubby" Girl, and of her men have a positive dread.

Frightened by  
Pretty Speeches.

The "Touch-Me-Not" Girl comes first on the list. When a man is falling in love he wants to hold a girl's hand. There isn't anything so tremendously wicked in the fact, and yet some shy girls look as if they would die at the thought.

The "Touch-Me-Not" Girl is frightened if a man makes a pretty speech. She would fly if he put his arm around her waist. Well, how on earth is he going to let you know that he is fond of you, then?

But if there is a bore it's the "Please-Go-Away" Girl.

She is the sort of girl that wants a man to come and see her, to say pretty speeches to her, to give her boxes of chocolates, and she thinks the best way to manage this is to be as rude as possible to the unfortunate fellow.

There is the rude girl, who always punctuates her rudeness with an excuse about how shy she is. Her friends take up the chorus. "Poor girl!" they chant; "you mustn't take any notice of her ill manners. She is so shy." That is no excuse.

It isn't funny to be cross. Why terrify half the men you know? They want a gentle wife, a lovable companion.

The most common type of the shy girl is the "Snubby" Girl. What a pity! She does have such an unloved life, as a rule, unless some really good man comes along and makes her behave herself.

Can't See  
a Joke.

The "Snubby" Girl is very improving. She is always asking the men she knows if they have read modern classics; and if they make a jest about liking her better than all the books that Dickens ever penned, she freezes them up with a glance.

She is very dull, as a rule. She cannot see a joke. She is self-conscious and miserable. If other girls are in the room she thinks they are laughing at the cut of her clothes. If a man stares at her because she is good to look at, she withers him because she imagines that he is making game of her.

It is all because she is shy.

Shy girls all the world over, break yourselves of shyness as if you were trying to get rid of a poisonous fever. Think nothing about yourselves. Think a lot about others. That is the secret.

## SOME DAINY DISHES AND HINTS FOR THE HOME.

## Do You Weigh Too Much?

## The Real Remedy and the Recipe.

There are some stout people whom the above question does not seem to trouble very much. They are, however, wrong to be so careless, for obesity is a complaint which brings many evils in its train. There are others who have sought long and earnestly for a really reliable remedy for obesity, and to these the following prescription will be of absorbing interest, because it presents—in a simple and harmless form and sure relief—a remedy which is rapidly gaining a world-wide reputation. The reader may make up the prescription for himself (or herself) on getting the ingredients from the chemist—or the latter would do so willingly. This is the full recipe:—One half-ounce of Marmola, one ounce of fluid extract of Glycyrrhiza B.P., one ounce of pure Glycerine B.P., and three-and-a-half ounces of Peppermint Water. Take a dose of two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bedtime. This admirable and quite harmless remedy will soon take off two pounds of the offending fatty excess; and as, day by day, the weight decreases strength and vigour will return in equal ratio; for, be it observed, there is no fasting or exercising required.

Rest, good food, regular doses—these are all that is necessary to reduce weight to normal, increase the supply of pure blood, clear the skin, beautify the complexion, and restore energy and excellent spirits.

## Scatter Unslaked Lime

Round the corners of your cellar. This will absorb any damp and dispel insects.

## The Secret in Baking Sponge Cakes

Is to have a steady oven, and not to open the door for the first twenty minutes.

## Glaze a Meat Pie

By brushing over with milk instead of egg. It is more economical and quite as efficacious.

## Sunlight and Air

Are the best purifiers. They should, therefore, be freely admitted to every room in the house.

## Figs and Rhubarb

Are delicious stewed together. Stew the figs till nearly tender, then add the rhubarb, and stew again till both are quite done.

## Your Flat-Iron

Sometimes gets rough, and will not run easily. Soap a thick piece of brown paper,

rub the iron on this, and then polish with a duster before using.

## Oatmeal

Is a fine water softener. Keep a jar of plain, fine oatmeal on your washstand and put about a teaspoonful into the water when you wash. Your skin will be beautifully smooth.

## Savoury Mould.

Take some cold meat. Chop it finely, and add half its weight in lean bacon or ham. Boil a teaspoonful of rice and dry it nicely. Grease a basin, put in a layer of rice, then the meat, seasoning it nicely with pepper, salt, and herbs; moisten with gravy. Cover again with rice. Tie over with greased paper and steam for an hour.

## WE EAT IT

## Because we thoroughly enjoy this Food.

There are not many foods that one can thoroughly enjoy after having eaten them regularly twice a day for thirteen months. But a Southport lady and her daughter have found such a food.

"My daughter and I," she writes, "commenced eating Grape-Nuts last September twelvemonth, and with only one or two exceptions we have had this food for breakfast

and supper regularly since. We do not take Grape-Nuts for health's sake, but because we so thoroughly enjoy the food, though my daughter and I both feel much better since we have been eating Grape-Nuts twice a day. We find this delicious food most sustaining, and we take nothing at these two meals but Grape-Nuts and milk, with toast or bread and butter."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co. Ltd., 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

The delicate sweetness of Grape-Nuts comes simply from the conversion of the cereal starch into grape-sugar by the scientific mechanical processes employed in the manufacture of this valuable food. For breakfast or supper try Grape-Nuts, with hot or cold milk, in place of porridge. There is no after heaviness or fermentation, but a delicious sense of lightness and clearness of head which makes it possible to do things, even directly after meals. There's a reason for Grape-Nuts and a ten days' trial proves.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Make a point of putting aside ninepence for the Fresh Air Fund this week. We need it, and you can manage to do without it for once.



IF I MUST BE WASHED  
WASH ME WITH  
**VINOLIA**

Premier, 4d.; Floral, 6d.; Medical, 8d.;  
Toilet (Otto), 10d.; Vestal, 2s. 6d.

**IS YOUR SKIN DISEASE HEREDITARY?**

**Zam-Buk Cures ECZEMA that Doctor Had Pronounced Hopeless.**

**MRS. C. F. SCOTT, 17 Denmark Road, South Norwood, Surrey, writes:—**  
 "Ten years ago small red blotches appeared on my skin, and for six years I was never free from them. Then the spots broke into sores all over my body until I was practically a mass of sores. My daughter Queenie also broke out in the same way and was away from school almost two years. The great sores round my knees and joints cracked and opened into gaping wounds every time I moved about. We had ointments of every kind from chemists and doctors, but never got any better.  
 "The last doctor we had said he had never met with a worse case of eczema. He told us the disease was hereditary and a cure was impossible. We might get relief, but the disease would always break out afresh in the Spring and Autumn. After a long and expensive trial we had to give this doctor up. Both the child and I were in a deplorable condition when we at last made up our minds to try Zam-Buk, which we had heard was a certain cure for eczema. Zam-Buk drew all the disease and badness from the sores and **healed up every sore place** on both Queenie and myself. Practically over the whole of us both, Zam-Buk grew an entirely new layer of skin.  
 "Remembering what the doctor had said about the eczema returning in the Spring and Autumn, I felt I could not safely believe we were permanently cured until we had passed through these times. To my delight the whole year went round, and neither my child nor myself had the slightest return of the eczema. There is no longer any doubt that we have both been **perfectly cured by Zam-Buk.**"

For any form of Eczema that has been passed on from parent to child, Zam-Buk is the real and never-failing cure, because by reason of its unique herbal composition Zam-Buk has opened out fresh victories over skin diseases.  
 Sold by Chemists at 1/11, 2/6 or 4/6 a box. Direct at same prices from the Zam-Buk Co., 45 Cow Cross Street, London, E.C.

**FREE TRIAL.**  
 Try Zam-Buk free of cost. If you forward this coupon and 1d. stamp (for return postage) to the Zam-Buk Co., Leeds, a dainty free sample will be sent to you.  
 PEARSON'S WEEKLY, June 10, '09.

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**Rudge-Whitworth**  
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**WITH THE CYCLIST'S ENCYCLOPEDIA**

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160 Regent Street, W.





# SCOUT



Some picture postcards are just worth sending through the post and that is all. Some are "all right." Some are nice. And some are beautiful. The "Scout" Postcards belong to the last mentioned variety. They are admirably got-up, well-printed, and would be a credit to any album.

There are twelve subjects in the New Series. Six of them—showing Boy Scouts doing

Good Turns—are reproduced on this page, and the remainder illustrate scenes from B.P.'s Holiday Camp.

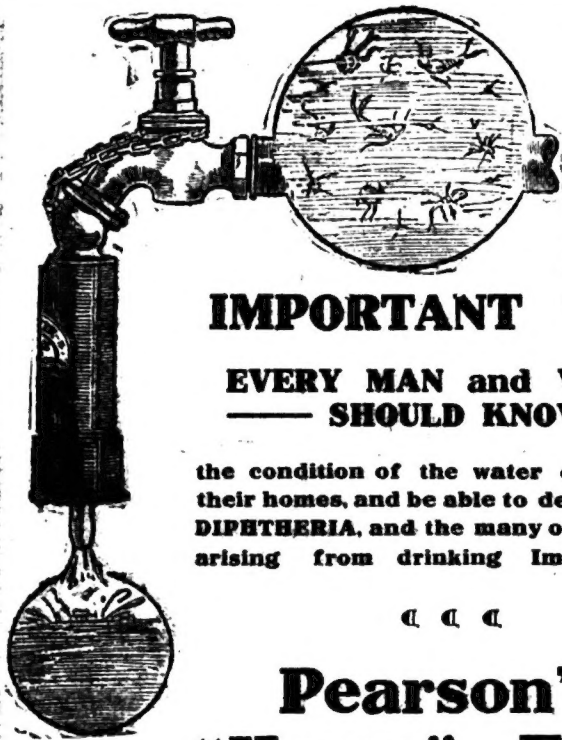
The New Series can be obtained from The Editor, "The Scout," 33 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., for 1s. 1d. post free. Please mark "Postcard Department" on your envelope.

## COUPLINGS.

(Continued from page 1016.)

60 Prizes of 10s. Each.

- Abbot, T., The Row, Ainstable, Carlisle.  
Austin, E., 21 Bride Lane, E.C.  
Barnes, T., Downfield, Dundee.  
Barnett, J., Castle Mills, Edinburgh.  
Bath, J. G., Envelope Dept., Bank of England.  
Boddy, G., 3 Priory Ave., Wallingford.  
Burdett, L., 10 Parkinson Ave., Scunthorpe.  
Burnett, Miss A., Vernon Rd., Barnsley.  
Chappell, P. H., Solicitor, Stourbridge.  
Christie, D., Stratford St., Maryhill, Glasgow.  
Cowan, D. S., Victoria Pl., Airdrie.  
Dentith, F., 1 Eversley Villa, New Brighton.  
Downey, F., 3 Clarendon Ter., Plymouth.  
Dun, H., 23 Dunluce Ave., Belfast.  
Good, R., 1 Alexander St., Clydebank.  
Gray, G., Helens Bay, Co. Down.  
Harrison, A. A., 38 Nunthorpe Rd., York.  
Hawes, J. A., 15 Buckingham Pl., Portsmouth.  
Hill, W. E., 101 Telephone Rd., Southsea.  
Hogg, C. E., 75 Danecroft Rd., Herne Hill.  
Hogan, Rev. C. P., B.D., 7 Achill Rd., Drumcondra.  
Johanson, J., 21 Little Victoria St., Belfast.  
Jones, Mrs., 38 Chester St., Swindon.  
Kilman, Miss N., 4 Cranley Gdns., Wallington.  
McCallagh, Dr. A. B., West Hartlepool.  
McKenzie, Mrs., 129 Bochesford Rd., Ips. Tooting.  
McMichael, Mrs., 8 Hyndland Ave., Glasgow.  
McMunn, W. J., 7 St. Martins, Leicester.  
Miles, E., Studio, Morrison, Swansea.  
Miles, Mrs., 80 Queen's Rd., Richmond.  
Miles, H., 9 Dodsworth Court, Leeds.  
Miles, W., Glendower, Newarth.  
Moss, G., Marlboro Rd., Swansea.  
Moss, J., 223 Capstone Rd., Bournemouth.  
Parker, Mrs., 51 Caledon Rd., East Wall, Dublin.  
Parker, H., 26 McKerrill Rd., Preckham.  
Parker, A., Little Lever, Bolton-le-Moors.  
Parker, F., 5 Albemarle Rd., Seacombe.  
Reame, F., 31 Sackville Gdns., Hove.  
Reame, C., 12 Whitlingall Rd., Fulham.  
Reame, H., Landyry, Kidwelly.  
Reame, G. H., Chelmsford Rd., Woodford.  
Reame, G. Lyndale, Staple Hill, Bristol.  
Reame, F. G., 3 Connaught Rd., Walthamstow.  
Reame, A. E., 19 Blagdon Rd., Lewisham.  
Reame, W. C., 67 Hampton Rd., Brixham.  
Reame, H., 88c Oliver St., Stockport.  
Reame, Mrs., 1 Hellsall Ter., Burley Flds, Leeds.  
Reame, F. G., St. Albans Rd., Kingston.  
Reame, V. J., 14 Epsom Rd., Croydon.  
Reame, P. H., 42 Brighton Rd., Stoke Newington.  
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Reame, Miss M., 4 Cleveland Mans., Brixton.  
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Reame, J., Church Stretton, Salop.  
Reame, J., 55 Herongate Rd., Wanstead Park.  
Reame, J. O., 2 Verney Place, Exeter.  
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CIENT AND RELIABLE SAFEGUARD  
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applied to any existing tap, is removable at  
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When ordering Pearson's "Home" Filter kindly give  
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This Insurance Scheme covers any  
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OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID.

We pay any number of claims in respect of  
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£2,000 RAILWAY  
£100 RAILWAY } INSURANCE.  
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502 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,  
including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims of  
£2,000 each—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by  
THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION,  
LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice  
of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven  
days to the above address.

£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal  
representative of any person killed by an acci-  
dent in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger  
train in which the deceased was travelling as a  
passenger (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans),  
and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession,  
the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is,  
with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the  
space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her,  
place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal  
representative of such person injured, should death result from  
such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that  
notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant  
on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act,  
having the current number of Pearson's Weekly on him,  
or her, at the time of being killed by a railway acci-  
dent in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any  
train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger, the  
legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE  
HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, pro-  
vided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND  
GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London,  
E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative  
of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding  
a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in  
his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the  
paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in  
ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that notice  
was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address  
within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his,  
or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.  
This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and  
entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions  
of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited,  
Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment  
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No person can recover on more than one Coupon Insurance Ticket  
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for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newagent, or  
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It is only necessary to forward the newagent's receipt to the  
publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a  
certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature.....

Available from 9 a.m., Thursday, June 3rd, 1909,  
until midnight, Friday, June 11th, 1909.

| Lighting Up Time<br>for this Week. | JUNE.      | JULY.       | AUGUST.       | SEPTEMBER. | OCTOBER.      |
|------------------------------------|------------|-------------|---------------|------------|---------------|
| June 4 ... 0.8                     | 6 13 20 27 | 4 11 18 25  | 1 8 15 22 29  | 5 12 19 26 | 3 10 17 24 31 |
| " 5 ... 0.9                        | 7 14 21 28 | 5 12 19 26  | 2 9 16 23 30  | 6 13 20 27 | 4 11 18 25    |
| " 6 ... 0.10                       | 8 15 22 29 | 6 13 20 27  | 3 10 17 24 31 | 7 14 21 28 | 5 12 19 26    |
| " 7 ... 0.11                       | 9 16 23 30 | 7 14 21 28  | 4 11 18 25    | 8 15 22 29 | 6 13 20 27    |
| " 8 ... 0.12                       | 10 17 24   | 8 15 22 29  | 5 12 19 26    | 9 16 23 30 | 7 14 21 28    |
| " 9 ... 0.12                       | 11 18 25   | 9 16 23 30  | 6 13 20 27    | 10 17 24   | 8 15 22 29    |
| " 10 ... 0.13                      | 12 19 26   | 10 17 24 31 | 7 14 21 28    | 11 18 25   | 9 16 23 30    |

Lighting HOLIDAYS, 1909-10.

Bank Holiday, August 2nd.

Christmas Day December 25.

Boxing Day, December 27.

Good Friday, March 25th.

Good Monday March 28th.

*Sigh no more, ladies,  
'tis a happy world!*



*thanks to* **BEECHAM'S PILLS.**